

NARESTAR  
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January

# BLUE BOLT

10¢

BLUE BOLT

Featuring:

**SUB-ZERO  
MAN**

BLUE BOLT  
DICK COLE

Desperately SUB-ZERO hurled an icy blast  
down toward the molten metal in the vat.

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WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# BLUE BOLT



by  
Joe Simon  
and  
Jack Kirby

**D**ETERMINED TO CAPTURE THE GREEN SORCESS... BLUE BOLT LEAPS AFTER HER INTO THE GREEN AURA- AND EMERGES IN THE GREEN KINGDOM WHERE HE IS AMBUSHED BY GREEN INFANTRY-AND SUBDUED BY A PARALYZER RAY! BLUE BOLT'S RIGID BODY IS MOUNTED ON A PEDESTAL WHERE IT IS KEPT UNDER A CONSTANT HEAVILY ARMED GUARD.

**F**LUSHED WITH TRIUMPH...THE ELATED SORCESS IMMEDIATELY CONTACTS DOCTOR BERTOFF, AND DEMANDS THE UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER OF HIS TROOPS, STRONGHOLD, AND THE VAST RADIUM DEPOSITS HE SO CAREFULLY GUARDS.



I HOLD ALL THE CARDS THIS TIME, BERTOFF! IF YOU DON'T ACCEPT MY DEMANDS...BLUE BOLT DIES!

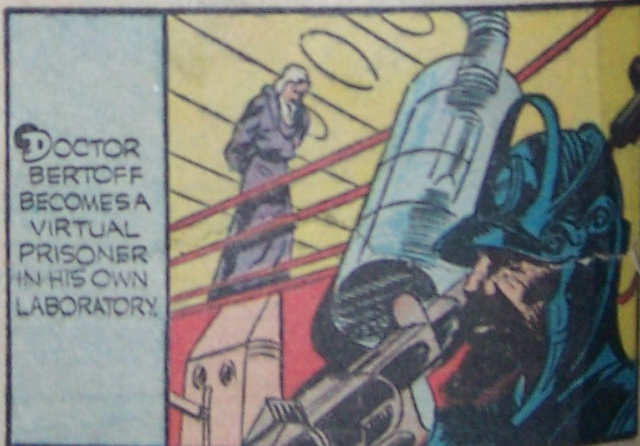
I CAN'T LET HER KILL THAT BOY! WITH HIM ALIVE...HUMANITY MAY STILL HAVE A CHANCE! MY ONLY ALTERNATIVE IS TO SUBMIT AND WAIT FOR AN OPPORTUNITY TO STOP THAT WITCH! BLUE BOLT MUST BE FREED!



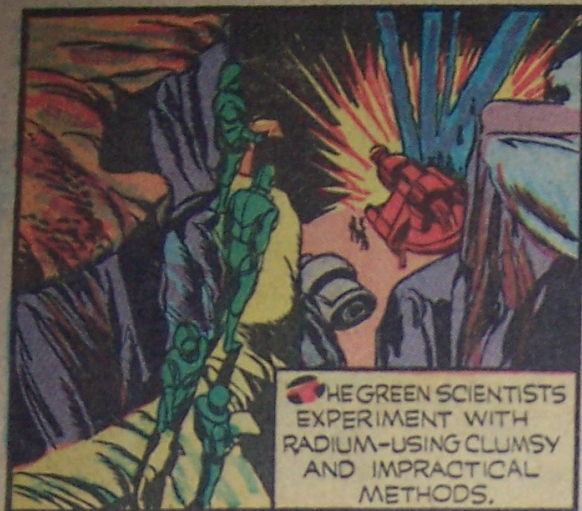




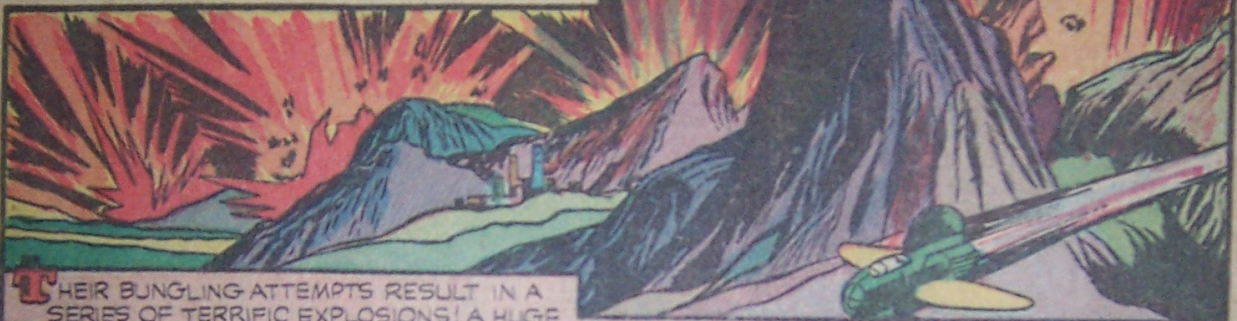
THE GREEN ARMY STAGES A TRIUMPHANT ENTRY INTO BERTOFF'S SCIENTIFIC CITY--- WHOSE PEOPLE HAVE UNSELFISHLY SURRENDERED TO THE ENEMY THAT BLUE BOLT MIGHT LIVE...FOR WHILE HE LIVES, HUMANITY MAY STILL HOPE TO DEFEAT THE MIGHT OF THE RUTHLESS GREEN SORCERESS!







THE GREEN SCIENTISTS  
EXPERIMENT WITH  
RADIUM-USING CLUMSY  
AND IMPRACTICAL  
METHODS.



THEIR BUNGLING ATTEMPTS RESULT IN A  
SERIES OF TERRIFIC EXPLOSIONS! A HUGE  
RADIUM VEIN EXTENDING FOR HUNDREDS OF MILES ERUPTS WITH EARTH-ROCKING VIOLENCE  
WHEN THE GREEN SCIENTISTS TRY TO EXTRACT THE PURE RADIUM WITH BLASTS CONTAIN-  
ING A CHEMICAL THAT IGNITES RADIO-ACTIVE SUBSTANCES!

THE GREAT EXPLOSIONS WEAKEN THE RADIO-ACTIVE DEPOSITS  
FROM WHICH THE INNER WORLD RECEIVES ITS CONSTANT SUP-  
PLY OF LIGHT! ITS INHABITANTS VIEW WITH TERROR A PHENOME-  
NON WHICH SURFACE PEOPLE ACCEPT AS A DAILY RITUAL OF NATURE!



THE INNER WORLD  
EXPERIENCES ITS FIRST  
NIGHTFALL...



THE BUNGLED EXPERIMENTS ALSO HAVE THEIR  
REPERCUSSIONS ABOVE THE EARTH'S CRUST!



GREAT CITIES AND  
THEIR ENTIRE  
POPULATIONS PERISH  
IN THUNDER AND  
FLAME AS VOLCANOES,  
LONG EXTINGUISHED, SPRING  
INTO SUDDEN  
ACTIVITY!



COLONEL CHAG OF THE GREEN ARMY ENGINEERS... ACCOMPANIED BY HIS ORDERLY... DISCOVERS A NATURAL TUNNEL CREATED BY THE RECENT UPHEAVALS IN HIS AREA.



CHAG DECIDES TO INSPECT THE TUNNEL WHICH WINDS ENDLESSLY ON... ITS ROCKY FLOOR BECOMING EVER STEEPER!

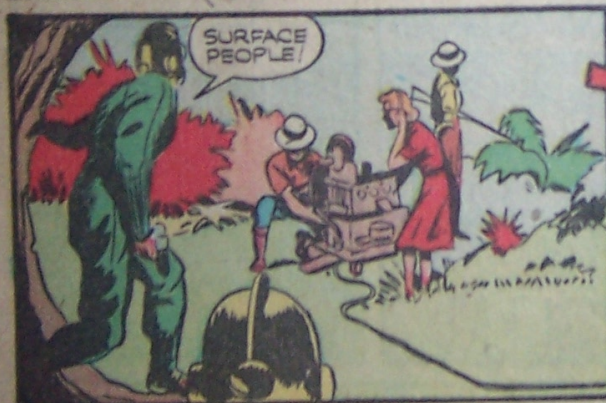
AFTER MILES OF WEARY TRUDGING AND LABORED BREATHING, THE TWO MEN FIND TRAVELING MUCH EASIER AS THE SUBTERRANEAN INCLINE SUDDENLY LEVELS OFF.



LOOK, COLONEL... THERE'S LIGHT AHEAD!



THIS IS STRANGE COUNTRY- INDEED! WHY... FARNO... I- I- BELIEVE WE'VE REACHED THE SURFACE WORLD!



SURFACE PEOPLE!



WHAT TH--?

PROFESSOR SMITH--LOOK BEHIND YOU!



IN THE NAME OF HER GREEN MAJESTY... I CLAIM ALL OF YOU AS MY PRISONERS!



MEANWHILE...IN THE WORLD BELOW THE EARTH'S CRUST-  
THE GREEN SORCERESS VENTS HER WRATH UPON THE  
ASSEMBLED MEMBERS OF HER SCIENCE MINISTRY....

DOLTS! IDIOTS! DO YOU  
HAVE TO DESTROY THE  
ENTIRE WORLD TO EXTRACT  
THE RADIUM WE NEED?

IT SEEMS THAT BERTOFF  
IS THE ONLY CAPABLE  
SCIENTIST IN THE  
INNER WORLD!  
HE KNOWS THE  
RADIUM EXTRACTION  
FORMULA!  
WELL...GET IT  
FROM HIM...  
BY TORTURE  
IF NEED BE..  
I MUST HAVE  
THAT RADIUM!

THE GREEN  
SORCERESS  
IS SUDDENLY  
INTERRUPTED  
BY THE  
FRANTIC  
FLASHING  
OF HER  
TELEVISOR!

YES...YES...  
WHAT IS IT?

COLONEL CHAG  
REQUESTS AN AUDIENCE,  
HIGHNESS...HE HAS  
CAPTURED THREE  
SURFACE PEOPLE!

SHOW  
THEM IN!

THE GREEN SORCERESS LISTENS TO  
COLONEL CHAG'S REPORT WITH ATTENTIVE  
INTEREST, AS HER EYES REST UPON THE  
SURFACE CAPTIVES...TAKING NOTE OF  
THEIR GENERAL APPEARANCE..

I'M PROFESSOR EVERETT SMITH...  
YOUR MAJESTY-AND THESE ARE  
MY COLLEAGUES...PROFESSORS  
ANN BARTON AND CARL PFEIFER!  
WE'VE BEEN DOING  
RESEARCH WORK IN  
GUATANORA, TRYING  
TO TRACE THE SOURCE  
AND FIND THE CAUSE  
OF THE VOLCANIC  
ERUPTIONS THAT HAVE  
SPREAD DISASTER  
THROUGHOUT  
THE WORLD!

FRANKLY...YOUR MAJESTY,  
THE SUDDEN TURN OF  
EVENTS HAS LEFT US  
ASTOUNDED! THE VERY  
EXISTENCE OF THIS WORLD  
BENEATH THE EARTH'S SUR-  
FACE IS AMAZING! ALMOST  
BEYOND BELIEF! I TRUST  
THAT THIS MEETING WILL  
LEAD TO MANY FRIENDLY  
AND ADVANTAGEOUS CON-  
TACTS BETWEEN YOUR  
WORLD AND THE SURFACE!



YOU'RE RIGHT...PROFESSOR SMITH! WE OF THE GREEN KINGDOM REALIZE THE ADVANTAGES TO BE GAINED BY ESTABLISHING CONTACT WITH THE SURFACE WORLD! AS SOON AS CERTAIN PLANS ARE COMPLETED, I ASSURE YOU THAT WE WILL TAKE EVERY POSSIBLE ADVANTAGE OF WHAT YOUR WORLD CAN OFFER!



MEANWHILE...THE SPLENDOR OF THIS STRANGE KINGDOM AND ITS SCIENTIFIC BARBARIANS CAPTURES CARL PFEIFER'S IMAGINATION! NEW VISTAS OF POWER AND POSITION OPEN BEFORE HIM. HIS INTRIGUING TALES OF THE OUTER WORLD HELP HIM WORM HIS WAY INTO THE GREEN SORCERESS' CONFIDENCE!



PROFESSOR SMITH DETECTS A SARCASTIC NOTE IN THE GREEN SORCERESS' SPEECH...SOMEHOW HE IS DISTURBED BY THE ENTIRE SITUATION. THE VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS AND THIS STRANGE INNER WORLD SEEM TO BE LINKED IN SOME WAY...SMITH DECIDES TO BIDE HIS TIME UNTIL HE CAN DISCOVER THE CONNECTION.



PROFESSOR SMITH-AT THE SAME TIME...GIVEN THE FREEDOM OF THE GREEN CITY...LEARNS ABOUT THE GREEN PLAN OF CONQUEST BY CATCHING SNATCHES OF CONVERSATION FROM UNSUSPECTING SOLDIERS...HE ALSO LEARNS OF BERTOFF AND BLUE BOLT AND OF THEIR CONSTANT STRUGGLE TO DEFEND THE RADIUM DEPOSITS--OF THE FINAL CAPTURE OF BLUE BOLT--WHICH LED TO THE SURRENDER OF BERTOFF, AND THE GREAT RADIUM EXPLOSIONS!

HIS SUSPICIONS CONFIRMED...SMITH REVEALS THE TRUE SITUATION TO HIS HORRIFIED FEMALE COLLEAGUE!

WHY...IT'S...IT'S HORRIBLE! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT...



IT'S TRUE, ANN! WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING--AND FAST!

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, PROFESSOR SMITH?

WE'RE GOING TO REVIVE THE ONE MAN WHO CAN HELP US--BLUE BOLT!





LATE THAT NIGHT A HISSING GAS-BOMB IS THROWN INTO DUNGEON ROOM 77...WHERE THE GREEN ARMY GUARDS ITS MOST VALUABLE PRISONER!



THE BOMB QUICKLY ACCOMPLISHES ITS PURPOSE...THE GUARDS NEVER REALIZED WHAT HAPPENED!



MEANWHILE, AT HER ROCKET AIRPORT...THE GREEN SORCERESS...COLONEL CHAG AND CARL PFEIFER, ARE DEPARTING ON A SECRET TOUR OF THE SURFACE WORLD...TO LAY THE GROUNDWORK FOR THE INVASION WHICH IS TO FOLLOW...



BUT NO SOONER DOES THE GREEN SORCERESS LEAVE ON HER NEFARIOUS MISSION...WHEN ALL FURY BREAKS LOOSE IN THE GREEN KINGDOM!



BLUE BOLT IS INDEED ALIVE...HIS ANGER TURNS HIM INTO A ONE-MAN HOLOCAUST!





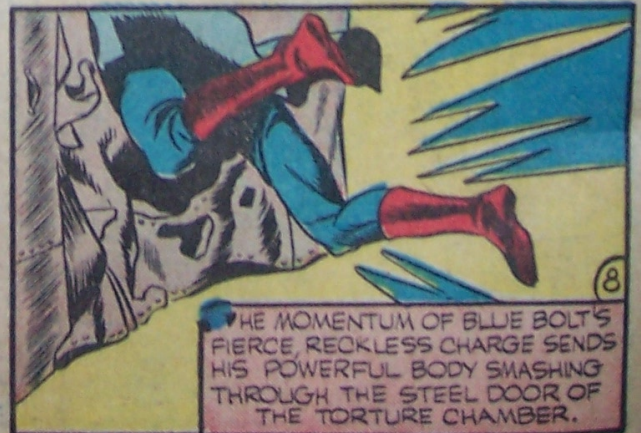
**R**OARING WITH RAGE... BLUE BOLT SWEEPS THROUGH THE MAZE OF CORRIDORS LIKE A HUMAN HURRICANE... LEAVING BEHIND HIM A WAKE OF BATTERED GREEN INFANTRY AND WRECKED RAY GUNS!



**F**OLLOWING CLOSE BEHIND BLUE BOLT'S TRAIL OF MERCILESS HAVOC, IS PROFESSOR SMITH AND THE COMELY ANN BARTON..... BOTH VERY AWED AT THE DESTRUCTION AND DAMAGE CAUSED BY THIS FURY IN HUMAN FORM!

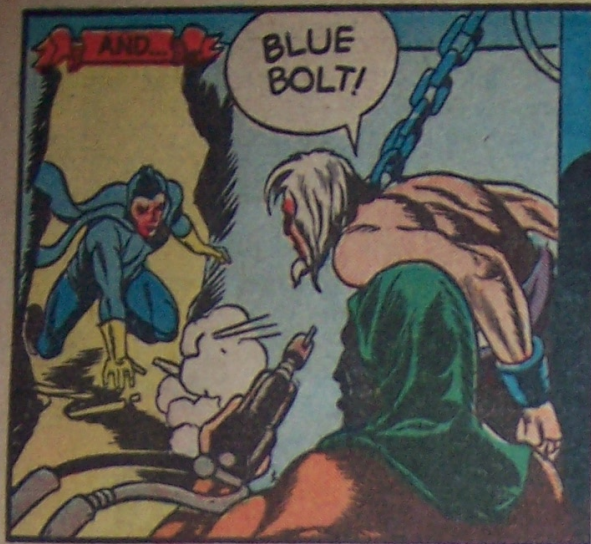


**BLUE BOLT SPEEDS TOWARD THE CELL WHERE BERTOFF IS BEING TORTURED TO MAKE HIM YIELD HIS RADIUM SEPARATION FORMULA!**



**THE MOMENTUM OF BLUE BOLT'S FIERCE, RECKLESS CHARGE SENDS HIS POWERFUL BODY SMASHING THROUGH THE STEEL DOOR OF THE TORTURE CHAMBER.**

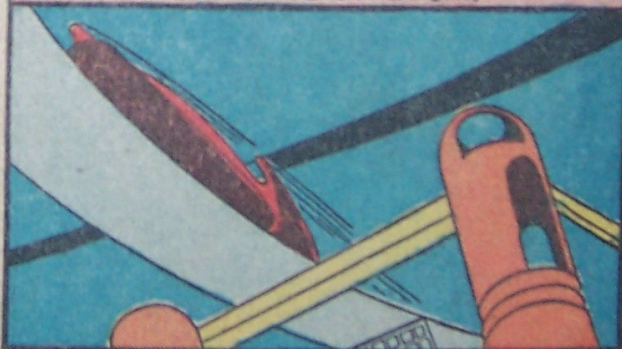




MEANWHILE... PROFESSOR SMITH FINDS AN EMPTY ROCKET CAR ON THE PNEUMATO-RAIL LINE, AND QUICKLY BUSIES HIMSELF IN LEARNING THE MANIPULATION OF ITS CONTROLS...



PEEDING ALONG THE WINDING RAIL-LINE AT BREAKNECK VELOCITY, THE FUGITIVES MAKE FOR THE ROCKET AIRPORT!

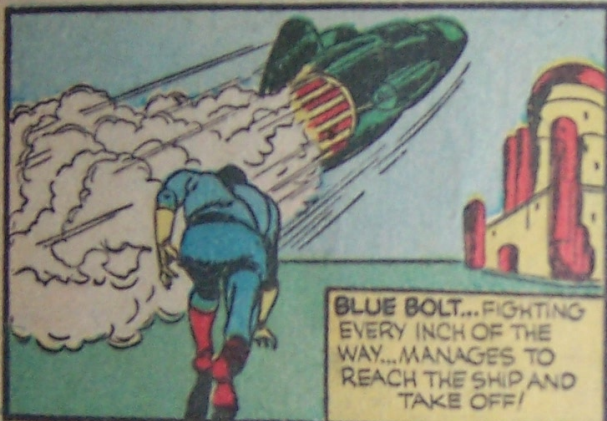
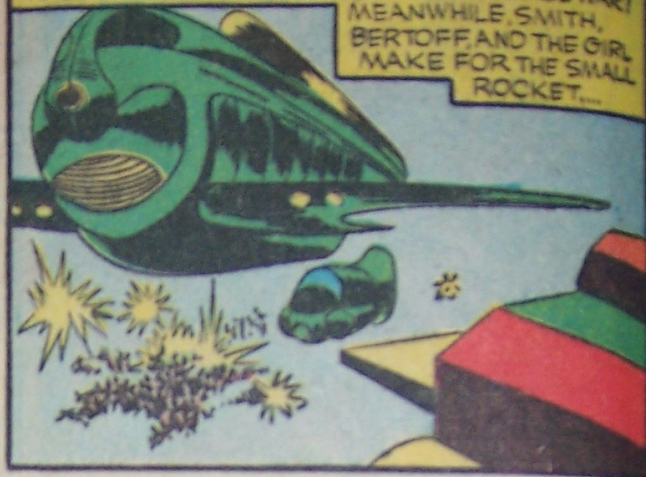




KNOWING THAT THE ROCKET PORT IS LIKELY TO BE UNDER HEAVY GUARD BECAUSE OF HIS ESCAPE...BLUE BOLT COUNTS ON THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE AND HIS SUPER STRENGTH TO HELP THEIR NEXT MOVE SUCCEED!



BLUE BOLT'S ATTACK IS EQUALLY FEROCIOUS AS IT IS SWIFT! AS REINFORCEMENTS HASTEN TO THE SCENE...THE GREEN GUARDS ATTEMPT TO HALT BLUE BOLT DEVELOPS INTO A SMALL WAR!



BLUE BOLT...FIGHTING EVERY INCH OF THE WAY...MANAGES TO REACH THE SHIP AND TAKE OFF!



NEWS OF BLUE BOLT'S ESCAPE BRINGS ELECTRIFYING RESULTS! BLUE BOLT'S SUPPOSEDLY DORMANT ARMY SUDDENLY SPRINGS INTO NEW LIFE!



THE GREEN SOLDIERS ARE QUICKLY OVERPOWERED AND THE RADIUM DEPOSITS RECOVERED!

WITH BLUE BOLT'S FORCES ONCE AGAIN IN CONTROL OF BERTOFF'S SCIENTIFIC CITY...THE RETURN OF THEIR LEADERS IS HAILED BY A WILDLY CHEERING, ENTHUSIASTIC POPULACE!



AND NOW - WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN THE GREEN SORCERESS RETURNS? YOU'LL FIND OUT IN THE NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF - BLUE BOLT.



# SUB-ZERO

...AND IT WAS THROUGH THE EFFORTS OF OUR TICKET THAT VOTING MACHINES WERE INSTALLED! REMEMBER, FOLKS... A VOTE FOR BOSS REYNOLDS IS A VOTE FOR POLITICAL CORRUPTION!

VOTE HERE

A VOTE FOR REYNOLDS IS A VOTE FOR EXPERIENCE AND

HMM...THAT'S PIERCE...ONE OF REYNOLD'S RACKETEERS!

THAT'S TELLIN' 'EM JOHNSON!

ELECTION DAY...DISTRICT ATTORNEY JOHNSON, FUSION CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR...IS GIVEN THE HONOR OF CASTING THE FIRST VOTE IN HIS DISTRICT. AS JOHNSON SPEAKS...SUB-ZERO SEES A FAMILIAR FACE IN THE BARBER SHOP

ON THE POLLING PLACE SUB-ZERO ENCOUNTERS PIERCE.

I'M ON THE D.A.'S STAFF...JUST DROPPED IN FOR A LOOK!

WELL...DROP OUT MISTER-IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU!

WHEN SUB-ZERO REFUSES TO BUDGE...PIERCE LEAPS AT HIM...

THIS IS ONE ELECTION YOU WON'T PUT ON ICE!

BUT...

BR-R-R-R-R!!

HAVING ROUTED PIERCE AND THE ELECTION BOARD OFFICERS, SUB-ZERO ENTERS THE VOTING BOOTH...

NO WONDER PIERCE WANTED TO KEEP ME OUT...THIS MACHINE'S BEEN TAMPERED WITH!











LATER...AT THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE...

HERE'S OLD MAN GARTLAND, COMMISSIONER!

THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! WHAT TRUMPED-UP CHARGE DO YOU INTEND TO LODGE AGAINST ME?

ATTEMPTED MURDER! THE VOTING MACHINE WAS MADE AT YOUR FACTORY...WE SUSPECT THE BOMB CAME FROM THERE, TOO!

TOSS HIM IN THE JUG, MIKE!

SUB-ZERO, ON HIS WAY TO SEE THE COMMISSIONER...HAS OVERHEARD THE CONVERSATION!

I'LL BET THE BOMB WAS PLANTED IN GARTLAND'S FACTORY...BUT NOT BY GARTLAND!

SUB-ZERO TRACES THE MERCURY SWITCH...

THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE THE KILLER BOUGHT IT!

ANYBODY BUY A SWITCH OF THIS BRAND LATELY?

WHY...ER...NO - NOT THAT I CAN REMEMBER...

A HAND COLDER THAN DEATH REACHES OUT!

MAYBE THIS'LL HELP YOU REMEMBER!

ALL...RIGHT...I'LL TELL YOU! HIS NAME'S - PIERCE...HE'S A STEADY CUSTOMER HERE...

WATCH OUT! SUB-ZERO TRACED THE BOMB SWITCH TO YOU! HE'S ON HIS WAY TO YOUR HOME NOW!

GOOD! I'VE GOT A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR HIM...IN FACT - IT OUGHT TO BE A SHOCK!



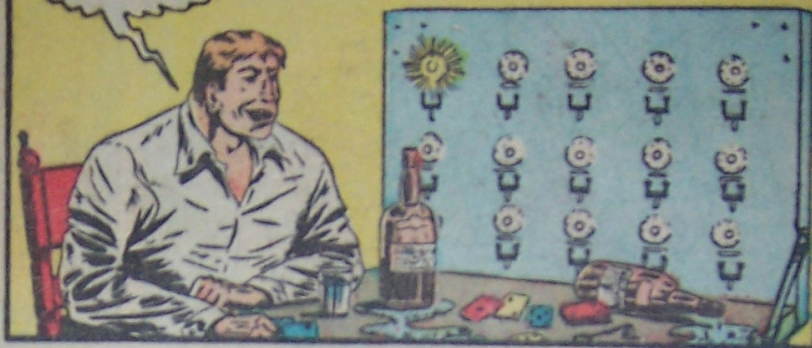
SUB-ZERO VISITS PIERCE'S HOME...

I'LL TRY THE TOP FLOOR FIRST!



MEANWHILE...IN THE BASEMENT INSIDE THE HOUSE...

AHA...HE'S ON THE DRAINPIPE... IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!



SUB-ZERO REACHES FOR THE WINDOW SILL...



...BUT UNKNOWN TO SUB-ZERO...HIS EVERY MOVE IS REGISTERED ON PIERCE'S SIGNAL BOARD!



PIERCE THROWS A SWITCH...

GREETINGS... MR. SUB-ZERO!



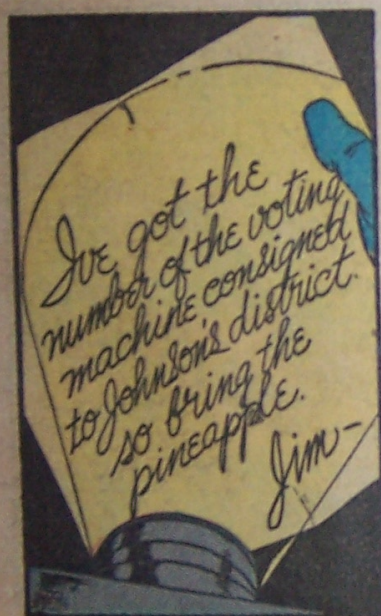
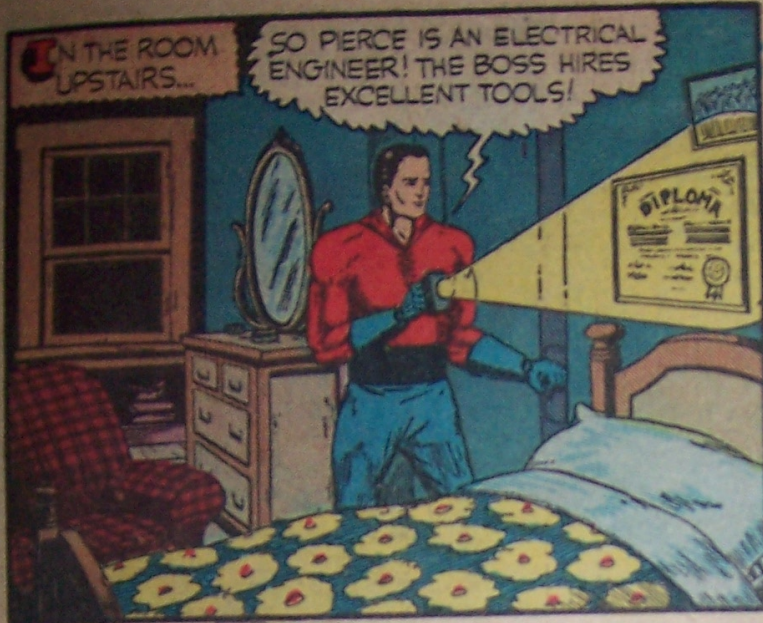
...AND AS SUB-ZERO GRASPS THE WINDOW SILL...THE SHOCK HURLS HIM OFF!















“L  
TOW  
DAN  
OF I

GRAS  
OR...SU  
UP AND



LOWLY THE CONVEYOR MOVES TOWARD FIERY DEATH! AS SUB-ZERO DANGLES OVER THE VAT... A WAVE OF INTENSE HEAT REVIVES HIM—



IF I FREEZE THIS CHAIN... I'D DROP INTO THE VAT! AND THAT METAL'S TOO HOT FOR ME TO HANDLE!

DESPERATE... SUB-ZERO HURLS AN ICE-COLD BLAST DOWNWARD! THE COLLISION OF THE COLD AND HOT AIR CAUSES AN UPDRAUGHT FROM THE VAT, AND....

ONE CHANCE IN A MILLION... BUT IT MAY WORK!



FREEING HIMSELF... SUB-ZERO SENDS A FREEZING BLAST THAT MAKES THE CHAIN STIFF AS SOLID STEEL!

GET READY, BOYS... HERE I COME!



GRASPING THE CONVEYOR... OR... SUB ZERO SWINGS UP AND INTO THE CAB...



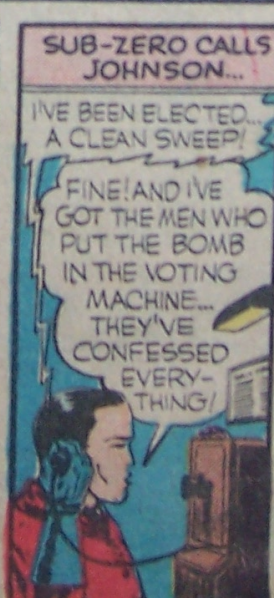
THEY SAY... TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE!



SUB-ZERO CALLS JOHNSON...

I'VE BEEN ELECTED... A CLEAN SWEEP!

FINE! AND I'VE GOT THE MEN WHO PUT THE BOMB IN THE VOTING MACHINE... THEY'VE CONFESSED EVERYTHING!



Further  
EXCITING  
and THRILLING  
ADVENTURES  
of  
**SUB  
ZERO**  
IN THE NEXT  
ISSUE OF...  
**BLUE  
BOLT**



# DICK COLE

WONDER — BOY!

AFTER A LONG SUMMER IN HOLLYWOOD AS A STUNT MAN FOR THE MOVIES, DICK HAS JUST RETURNED TO FARR MILITARY ACADEMY FOR THE WINTER TERM... HIS FIRST APPEARANCE ON THE CAMPUS IS MET WITH LOUD GREETINGS FROM HIS PALS...

THERE HE IS, GANG!

HI-YA, DICK!

OO-HOO-!  
OH, CLARK!

HOW'S IT FEEL TO BE A FAMOUS MOVIE STAR?

I'LL BET YOU WERE OUT WITH THAT STAR, BETTY LEE, ALL THE TIME, DICK COLE!

YOU LOOK GREAT, KID!

HOW ARE YOU, COACH-LOUISA?

DID YOU HAVE A FUR-LINED BATHTUB OUT THERE, DICK, OLD STOCKING?

AN' A GOLD SWIMMIN' POOL-?

SUDDENLY A VAST NEIGHBORHOOD SURROUNDING FARR IS VIOLENTLY JOLTED BY A HORRENDOUS EXPLOSION! THE MIGHTY WALLS OF THE NEARBY CLINTON PRISON HAVE BEEN DYNAMITED BY INMATES!

AT FARR, WHICH IS BARELY A MILE FROM THE PENITENTIARY, THE CONCUSSION FROM THE BLAST IS TERRIFIC! EVERYONE IS KNOCKED OFF HIS FEET!

WOW!

HEY!

OOPS!



THE BLAST HAS OCCURRED DURING THE ELEVEN O'CLOCK RECESS, AND HUNDREDS OF PRISONERS ARE STREAMING FORTH TO FREEDOM!



C'MON, MEN, FOLLOW ME! OVER THE HILL TO THE SCHOOL! WE'LL GRAB THE ARMORY AND BLAST THESE SCREWS TO HADES!



THAT BLAST CAME FROM THE PRISON!  
WHAT A PIPPER!  
SOUNDS LIKE A BREAK....  
C'MON!



RECOVERING FROM THE SHOCK, DICK AND THE GANG RACE TO INVESTIGATE....

LOOK!  
COMING OVER THE HILL!



DRUNK WITH THEIR SUCCESS, THE HORDE OF PRISONERS SWOOP DOWN ONTO THE PRACTICE FIELD AT FARR!

MOIDER 'EM!

SMACK 'EM DOWN!

LITTLE DRIPS!

C'MON, MEN!  
ON TO THE ARMORY!

WE'LL GRAB THE GUNS - THEN WATCH THE SMOKE!

BASH 'EM WHACKY!







KILL 'EM!  
STOP 'EM!  
LITTLE RAT!

THE CADETS MAKE A BRAVE ATTEMPT TO STOP THE STAMPEDING CONVICTS FROM REACHING THE ARMORY, BUT THE FORCE OF NUMBERS IS TOO GREAT....



ALMOST THERE! C'IMON!  
PUSH ON, MEN!  
OUTTA THE WAY!



HOO-RAH!  
WE'RE IN!

C'IMON, BOYS—  
PILE UP HERE!



COACH—  
LOOK!!

GREAT SCOTT!  
LAURA!

GAINING THE STEPS, THEY BURST IN THE DOORS.

DICK PLUNGES INTO A VICIOUS RUSH IN AN ATTEMPT TO REACH LAURA'S SIDE....



THAT'S RIGHT! BRING  
THE DOLL IN FOR  
HOSTAGE!

C'IMON THERE,  
BABY—  
IN YOU  
GO!

HELP!



HEY!

OUTTA THE WAY—  
YOU BUMS!



CLOSE 'EM  
UP, BOYS!

OKAY—WE GOT HER!  
SHUT THEM DOORS NOW!  
QUICK!

SOME OF YOU  
GUYS GET THEM  
WINDOW-SHUTTERS  
CLOSED!



JUST AS DICK  
REACHES THE  
DOORS, THEY  
CLOSE WITH  
A BANG!

BANG!

INSIDE,  
QUICKLY!

YIP!  
GIVE T

OUR  
TURN  
NOW,  
MATES!

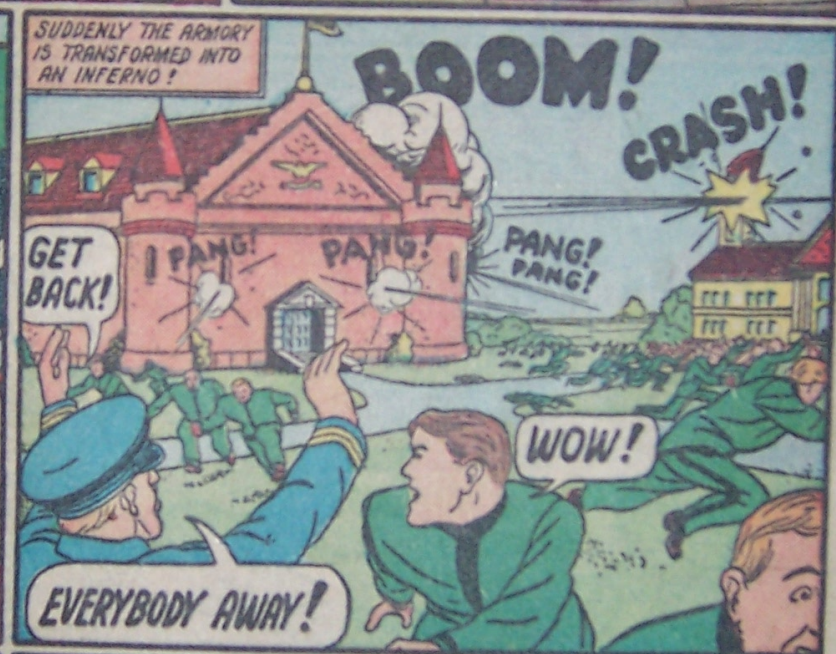
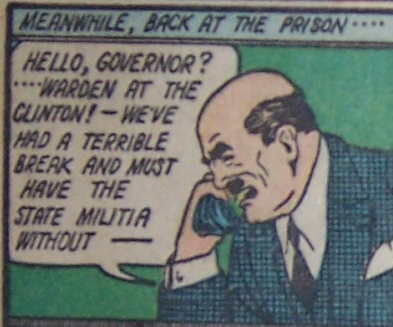
MEANWHILE  
HELLO, GO  
...WARDEN  
CLINTON!—  
HAD A TERR  
BREAK AND  
HAVE THE  
STATE MILIT  
WITHOUT

AND AT TH  
THAT'S RIGHT

THE FIENDS.  
IF THEY HARM  
LAURA—I'LL

EASY COACH  
WE'LL GET H  
OUT SOMEHO







HEY, EVERYBODY-  
**LOOK-!**  
REINFORCEMENTS! THE  
MILITIA AND MORE  
POLICE!



SUDDENLY THE PARADE GROUND ADJOINING  
THE ARMORY IS SWARMING WITH STATE POLICE,  
MOTOR-CYCLES, SOLDIERS, TRANSPORT TRUCKS....  
THE AIR IS FILLED WITH A DEAFENING DIN!

**CHARGE!**

AT 'EM, MEN!

LET'S  
GO!

MAKE ROOM FOR  
THE ARMY!

CLANG-CLANG-CLANG-!  
B-R-R-R-R-R-R

WHEE-E-E-E



ABRUPTLY, AS THE REINFORCEMENTS  
APPROACH THE ARMORY, THE FIELD-PIECE  
SPEAKS AGAIN! A TRANSPORT TRUCK IS  
HIT - BLOWN TO SMITHEREENS!



GREAT GUNS!  
COMPANY - FALL  
BACK!

ON THE  
DOUBLE!

THE ENRAGED COMMANDER OF  
THE TROOPS CRACKS OUT ORDERS.

**THE DEVILS!**  
SO IT'S WAR THEY WANT!  
TAKE SIEGE POSITIONS! BRING  
UP THE ARTILLERY!



I'M MAJOR FARR OF THE  
SCHOOL, COMMANDER....  
YOU HAVE MY PERMISSION  
TO SHELL THE BUILDING  
IF YOU WISH IT!

AH - THANK  
YOU, MAJOR -



I'D LOVE TO GIVE THOSE MAD DOGS A  
TASTE OF IT - BUT - I SUPPOSE WE  
MUST BE PRUDENT FOR A TIME - A  
SHORT TIME - YET.... WE'LL JUST  
SCARE THEM.... I HATE TO RUIN  
YOUR BUILDING, BUT -



AS A MATTER  
OF FACT, COMMANDER,  
I WAS GOING TO  
SUGGEST JUST THAT-  
PRUDENCE.... WHY  
DON'T YOU HAVE A  
WHITE-FLAG PARLEY  
WITH THEM? YOU  
AND THE WARDEN?

WE'LL TRY THAT, MAJOR....  
MEANTIME, PERHAPS YOU'D  
BETTER GET THESE BRAVE  
BOYS OF YOURS OUT OF  
DANGER.... WE DON'T WANT  
ANY OF THEM  
KILLED!

YOU'RE RIGHT, OF COURSE,  
COMMANDER AND I'LL DO  
IT - BUT I'LL WAGER THE  
BOYS WON'T LIKE IT!





CADET CAPTAIN GREY —  
ORDER ALL CADETS TO RETIRE  
TO DORMITORIES!

FORMATION  
BY TWOS!

DISGUSTEDLY, THE CADETS FALL IN.

AW, THAT'S A  
DIRTY TRICK!

WE'RE SOLDIERS  
AREN'T WE?

WE WANTA  
SEE THE FUN,  
TOO!

QUIET IN THE  
RANKS...!!  
EYES FRONT!

THINK WE'RE  
A BUNCH OF  
DAISIES?

THE OLD  
PUNK!

YOU'D THINK  
THIS WAS A  
NURSERY SCHOOL!

BA-A-AH!

— RETIRE, AND BY  
TWOS! **MARCH!**

NOW THE WARDEN AND PARTY  
APPROACH THE ARMORY  
UNDER A WHITE FLAG....

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, MR.  
WARDEN? GETTIN' FED UP?

YOU MEN ARE  
LICKED, CASEY! PUT  
DOWN YOUR GUNS  
AND RETURN TO  
YOUR CELLS!  
WE —

NO SOAP, DEARIE! WE'RE OUT, AND  
WE'RE GOING TO STAY OUT! IF  
YOU AND THEM TIN-SOLDIERS  
DON'T RETIRE BY TOMORROW  
MORNING, WE KILL THE  
GIRL! AND I DON'T  
MEAN BUT MAYBE!!  
— THINK IT OVER!

**YOU MADMAN!!**

YOU CAN'T WIN AT THIS! WE  
WON'T RETIRE, AND YOU'LL  
STAY IN THERE AND ROT!  
WE'LL STARVE YOU  
OUT, AND THAT'S  
**FINAL!**

AND SO, AS NIGHT COMES, A  
TENSE, SINISTER HUSH FALLS UPON  
THE SCENE....

AND INSIDE THE ARMORY, CASEY, THE LEADER OF  
THE CONS, GLOATS OVER THEIR ADVANTAGE....

YES, SIR, MATES, WE'RE  
ALL SET SO LONG'S WE  
GOT THIS LITTLE CHICKEN  
WID US... EH, BABY?  
HOW ABOUT A —

TAKE YOUR DIRTY  
CLAWS OFF ME, BEFORE  
I PUNCH YOUR UGLY  
FACE! YOU-YOU **PIG!**

WHY'NT YOU TWO  
HAVE A LITTLE  
WALTZ, CASEY?

YEAH—OR  
A POLKA,  
MAYBE!

DICK  
COLE TRIES  
HIS BEST  
TO COMFORT  
LAURA'S  
FATHER—  
HIS FRIEND,  
THE  
COACH....

REMEMBER, COACH, LAURA'S A  
SPUNKY KID.... SHE'LL KEEP HER  
CHIN UP!.... **SAY!** ISN'T  
THERE A SKYLIGHT ON  
THE ROOF OF THAT  
ARMORY?

YES....  
WHAT ARE  
YOU COOKING  
UP?



IF I COULD GET ON THE ROOF WITH SOME TEAR-GAS BOMBS, I COULD GET IN THERE AND LET 'EM HAVE IT—

WHY, YOU'RE CRAZY, BOY!! HOW ARE YOU GOING TO GET ON THAT ROOF? NO ONE CAN GET NEAR THAT BUILDING!

YOU'VE GOT A PRIVATE PLANE HAVEN'T YOU? YOU COULD FLY OVER LOW— CUT YOUR MOTOR, DROP ME ONTO THE ROOF, THEN ZOOM AWAY! IT—

DICK, YOU'RE WILD! DON'T TALK LIKE AN IDIOT!! SINGLE-HANDED YOU EXPECT TO SUBDUCE THOSE GORILLAS? YOU—

—YOU'RE GETTING SOFTENING OF THE BRAIN!

RUBBISH, MISTER! I TELL YOU I CAN DO IT— WITH THE BOMBS, IT— COACH, LISTEN—

TEN MINUTES LATER A BOX OF TEAR-GAS BOMBS AND TWO GAS MASKS ARE QUIETLY TAKEN FROM THE MILITARY SUPPLIES.

PS—ST—  
A MASK  
FOR LAURA!

FIVE MINUTES AFTER THAT, DICK AND COACH APPROACH THE LATTER'S PRIVATE HANGAR—

— GLIDE OVER THE BUILDING SLOWLY— THE MOTORS CUT!

IT'S INSANE TO DO THIS— BUT LAURA—

THEY TAKE OFF—

— THEN CIRCLE THE ARMORY ROOF.

THERE SHE IS, DICK!

OKAY— I'M OFF!

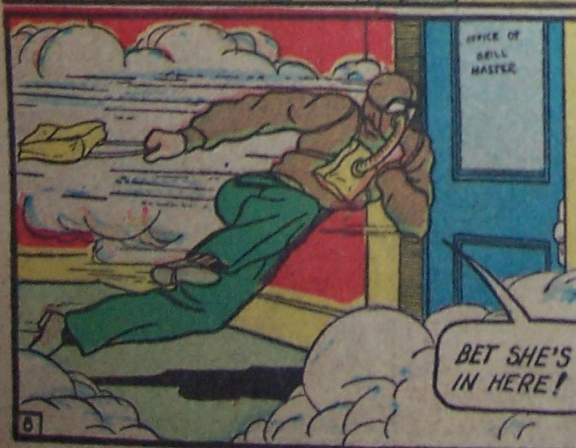
DICK DROPS!

WOW!  
I'M GOING RIGHT THROUGH THAT SKYLIGHT—  
**NON-STOP!**

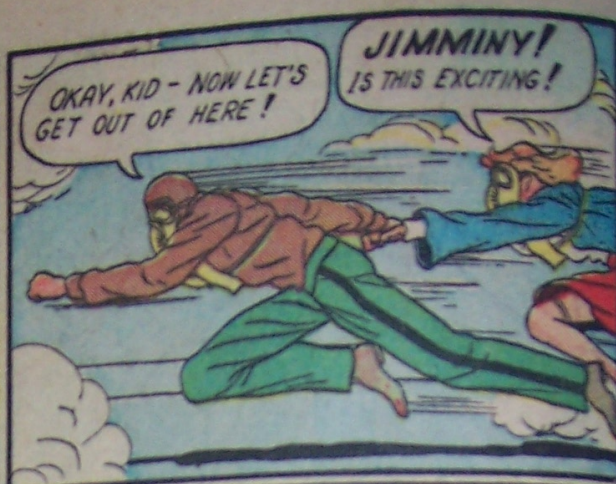
IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN, LAD, BE CAREFUL!

WISH ME LUCK, FELLA—!





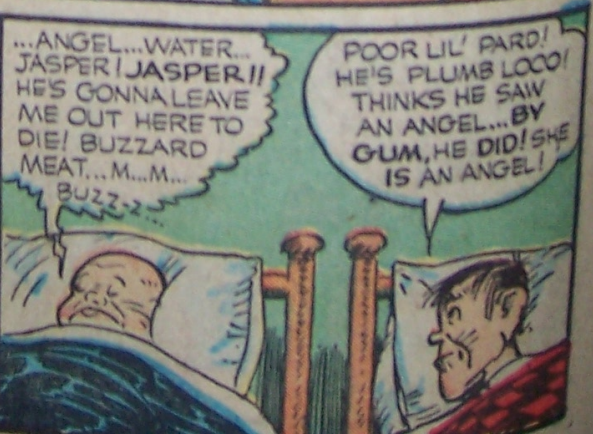
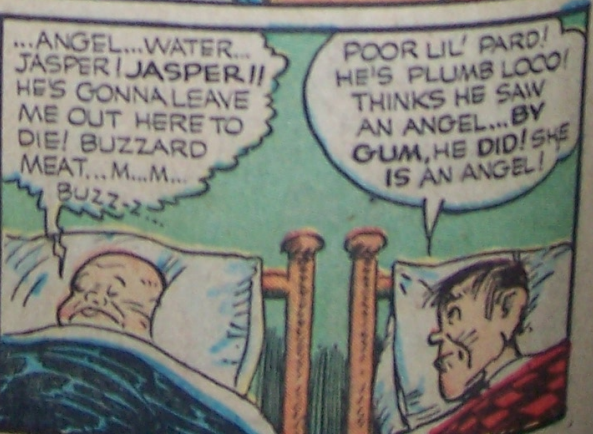




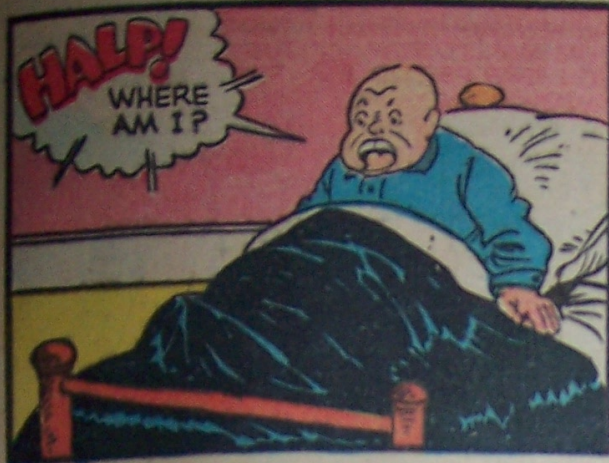




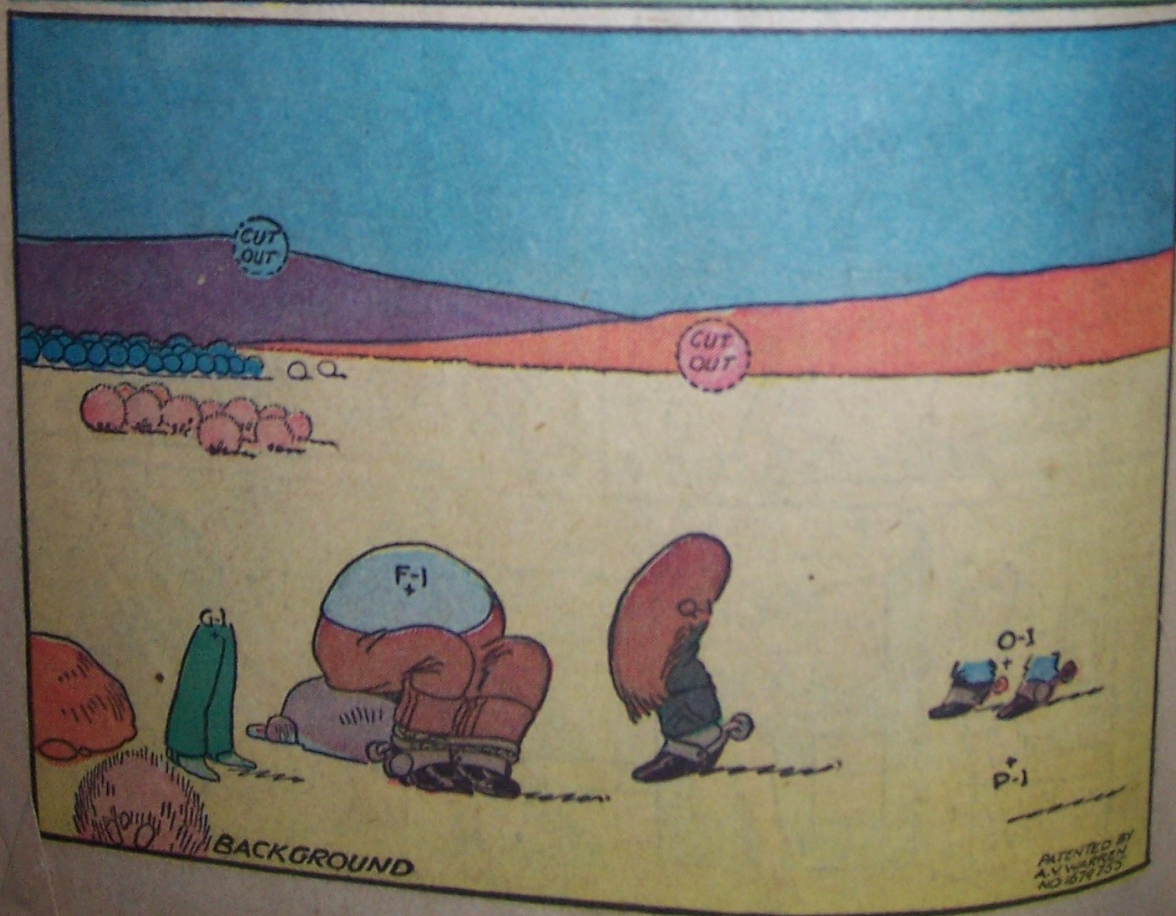






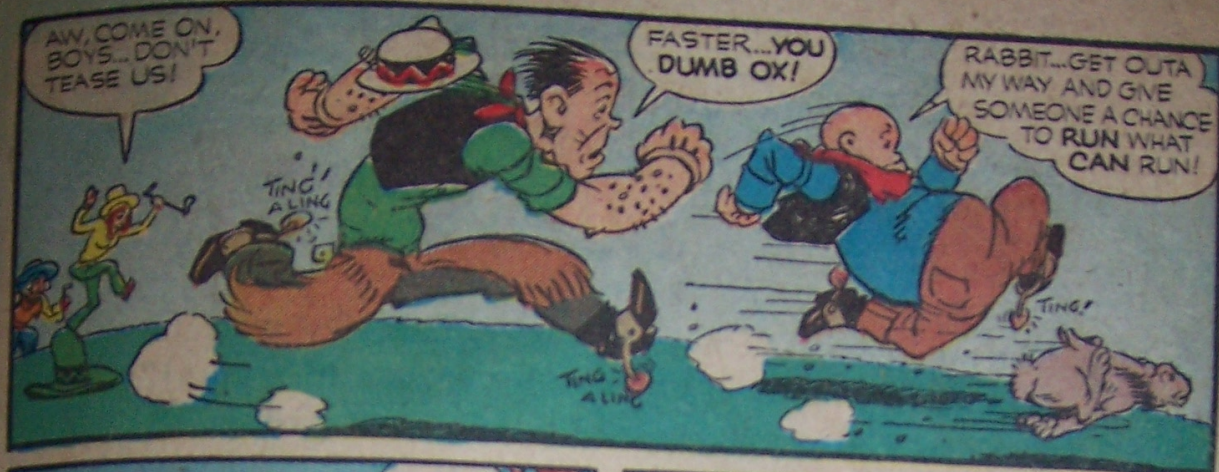






A  
DIA  
CUT C  
BACK  
OR R  
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CUT C  
AND T  
TRIM  
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BACK  
KNOT  
PULL T  
GROUN  
REPEA  
K TO K-  
PARTS T  
LEAVE A





# JACIE A. WARREN'S Animated CARTOON CUT-OUTS

## DIRECTIONS

CUT OUT THESE WORKING PARTS AND BACKGROUND ON OTHER PAGE. WITH PASTE OR RUBBER CEMENT, MOUNT THESE ON STIFF PAPER OR CARDBOARD, CUT OUT HOLES IN BACKGROUND MARKED "CUT OUT." CUT OUT WORKING PARTS CAREFULLY. TAKE NEEDLE AND THREAD, KNOT THREAD (DOUBLE) AT END. TRIM UP CLOSE TO KNOT. SEW THROUGH PART AT POINT A TO PART AT POINT A-1, PULL PARTS UP CLOSE, KNOT THREAD AT BACK AND TRIM UP CLOSE TO KNOT. REPEAT AT POINTS B TO B-1, C TO C1, E TO E-1. NEXT SEW PART AT F TO F1 ON BACKGROUND, THEN G TO G-1. NOW SEW THROUGH AT POINT @. PULL THIS THREAD THROUGH HOLE IN BACKGROUND AND TURN IN ROTARY MOTION. REPEAT ON NEXT FIGURES -1 TO 1-1, J TO J-1, K TO K-1, L TO L-1, M TO M-1 AND N TO N-1. SEW THESE PARTS TO BACKGROUND AT O TO O-1, P TO P-1 AND Q TO Q-1. LEAVE A LONG THREAD AT POINT @ TO MOVE FIGURES.



WORKING PARTS.



# THE RAY MASTER

by Andrew McWhiney

The mad genius turned to Randy. "This atom gun," he said, "will blow you to bits! Do not try to escape!" Then with a mocking bow he was gone, and Randy heard great engines roar as the fleet of bombers took off, bent on their mission of death—and destruction!

**SYNOPSIS:** Forced to earth by a mysterious ray, Captain Randy Rickard of the U. S. Army Air Corps is taken captive by guards under the direction of a mad genius who plots to conquer the world. When Randy doubts the madman's ability to carry out his plans, he is escorted through the hidden laboratories where he is shown the atom guns, deadly germs, ray guns and huge bombers which the mad genius intends to use. Even as they entered the laboratories, the bombers were being prepared for flight.

**I**T WAS true. Black clad mechanics swarmed on the bombers; technicians ran up with fittings, equipment.

Captain Randy Rickard shuddered with horror.

"Their destination?" he asked.

"First, to level your home base, Marshall Field. Then the forts and naval bases. The State Capitol! After a warning broadcast, a swift tour of other states to crush the resistance. I shall have to imprison you now. I lead the flight."

They returned to the Throne Room.

"Hunchback!" cried Tall Conqueror.

"Here, Master!"

"We go now. I leave you in charge. Prepare the drink for Captain Rickard while we are gone."

"Master!" cried Hunchback. "Can I not go this once? I am sick of being nurse-maid, house-keeper. Put Left-Hand in charge and let me go!"

"Left-Hand is needed at the bombsights."


"Then Pale-Eyes!"

"I have spoken!" thundered Tall Conqueror. "Obey, you wretched little monster! What good would you be?"

He thrust a weapon at the cripple, and said to Randy: "An atom pistol; it will blow you to bits through fifty yards of solid rock. Kindly abandon all plans for escape; I shall need you in the future."







With a mocking bow he was gone, and sick with despair, Randy heard great engines roaring as the bombers rolled from their hangars and took off.

**H**ELPLESS, he let Hunchback lock him in a cell. He racked his brains. Then Hunchback appeared with a crystal goblet of bright crimson fluid.

"Drink it!" the cripple growled. Randy knew he was smarting fiercely from his master's tongue lashing.

"Relax a minute, pal," soothed Randy. "I'll be one of the boys now. Say, why do you let him talk to you that way?"

Hunchback peered suspiciously. "He is Master. Here, drink up!"

"You're as good as he is!"

Hunchback shrugged. "He is strong, brilliant. He knows all Science, all Philosophy, everything. He is swift, fierce; he flies like the eagle."

Randy said softly: "So can I. So could you."

"No. He will not let me. He puts me off. I am crippled, twisted. In the air I could be free and swift. It would be wonderful—but he will not let me."

Silence.

"I will teach you to fly!" said Randy.

Hunchback gasped, stared.

"What price?"

"My freedom. Their destruction."

"No! No! Master must rule the world!"

"What will you be in his world?" Randy cried. "Always a cripple, a servant! In my world, you shall be free. Fly like the eagle!"

Beady eyes glittered. The goblet smashed on the wall.

"Done!" cried the cripple. Follow me, quickly!"

**T**HEY ran to the Throne Room. Hunchback threw a switch, twisted dials on the black cabinet. Soon the image of bombers in flight appeared on the screen. They were black. Hunchback read numbers on the grid.

"They are nearly over San Diego! To the Ray Room! Hurry!"

Here he snapped instructions at Randy. "Spin that wheel to zero-point-nine. Got it? And that one—seven-seven-one, point four. Now!"

A switch clicked; the funnels swivelled, found the range. The cripple threw another switch; astounded, Randy saw in the big wall screen the eight bombers swooping low over Marshall Field.

Crackling issued from the funnels; suddenly engines died, and the big ships settled limply to earth. Several skidded, crashed, broke into flames. Soldiers flocked toward them with drawn automatics.

"All over, pal!" shouted Randy. "Get my ship started; we're off for Marshall! You'll get your first lesson on the way!"

THE END

H.R.







KING WINTER'S ICY HAND CLAMPS DOWN ON THE NORTHWEST IN A RAGING BLIZZARD... BRINGING ALL TRANSPORTATION TO A STAND-STILL! A MAD KILLER RAVAGES THE MAIN OFFICE... THE LIMITED IS MYSTERIOUSLY DISPATCHED TO MAKE ITS WAY THROUGH THE STORM... FINALLY... THE DESTINY OF A RAILROAD IS LEFT TO ONE MAN'S WITS, ENDURANCE, AND KNOWLEDGE OF RAILROADS... RUNAWAY RONSON.

AT STOCKWOOD, MONTANA, A STARTLING MESSAGE CAUSES THE STATION AGENT TO RISE TO HIS FEET.



"DISPATCH THE LIMITED THROUGH TO CHICAGO AT ONCE... NO FURTHER ORDERS!" WELL I'LL BE.....



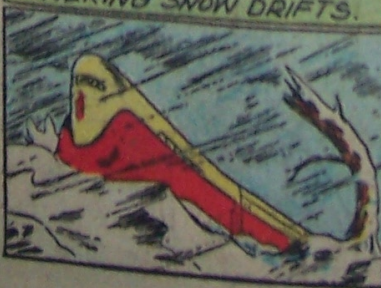
HARPER, I JUST GOT ORDERS THAT YOU'RE TO GO THROUGH TO CHICAGO!



JUMPING CATFISH! THOSE GUYS AT THE MAIN OFFICE ARE GETTING CRAZIER EVERY DAY! I COULD HAVE SIXTEEN ENGINES AND STILL COULDN'T CROSS THESE MOUNTAINS IN THIS STORM!



THE POWERFUL MOTORS OF THE DIESEL STREAMLINER ROAR OUT AND THE LIMITED SLOWLY BEGINS TO KNIFE ITS WAY THROUGH THE TOWERING SNOW DRIFTS.

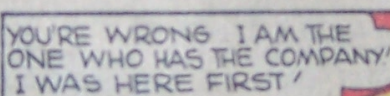
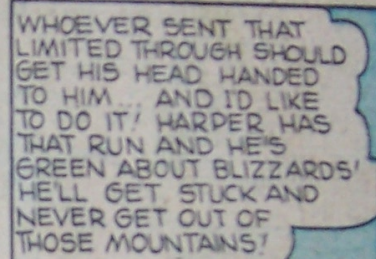
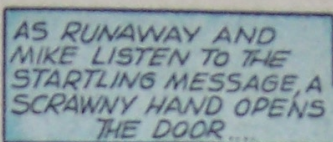


BUT AT THE MAIN OFFICE, TWO MEN ENTER THE DISPATCHER'S ROOM.

IT'S A GOOD THING WE STOPPED ALL OUR TRAINS... THE LAST WEATHER REPORT SAID THIS BLIZZARD WOULD LAST SEVERAL DAYS!









YOU SEE, I HAD TO SEND THE LIMITED THROUGH TO CHICAGO SO MY PLANS TO GET THIS RAILROAD WOULDN'T BE CHANGED!



YOU'LL NEVER GET THIS RAILROAD FROM TOM NORTON!

TOM NORTON IS MY BROTHER, AND I'M HIS SOLE HEIR! RIGHT NOW HE'S ON THE LIMITED WITH A VERY BAD CASE OF PNEUMONIA—JUST WAVERING BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH! NOW HE'LL PAY FOR KEEPING ME IN AN ASYLUM! HEH-HEH!



RUNAWAY—HE'S CRAZY!

NOT BY A LONG SHOT! WITH THE LIMITED SNOW-BOUND A COUPLE OF DAYS, THIS GUY'S PLANS WOULD WORK OUT PERFECTLY!



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, BUD!

RIGHT—AN UNAVOIDABLE DEATH! AND SHOULD THE LIMITED GET THROUGH TO WINDY-GAD, A PERFECTLY HARMLESS DYNAMITE CAP THAT YOU USE AS A SIGNAL WOULD SET OFF AN EXPLOSION... SENDING THE WHOLE MOUNTAIN SIDE DOWN ON THE CAR MY BROTHER IS IN!



YOU HAVE IT ALL FIGURED OUT, HAVEN'T YOU? HOW ABOUT US—WE KNOW YOUR PLANS!

ALL I DO IS PULL THE TRIGGER OF MY GUN—TWICE!



YOU FOOL—TO THINK YOU COULD MATCH MY STRENGTH!



MAYBE I CAN'T—BUT I'LL MATCH YOU WITS ANY TIME AT ALL!



THE BURLY KILLER RUSHES AT RUNAWAY!



RUNAWAY'S FEET MEET HIS MIDSECTION!



IN A FLASH, RUNAWAY REELS AND IS UPON HIM.







HERE'S YOUR PAY-OFF, BUD!



MIKE—TAKE CARE OF THIS GUY....I'M GOING OUT AFTER THE LIMITED AND GET TOM NORTON OUT OF THIS MESS!

YOU'LL NEVER GET THROUGH THIS STORM, RUNAWAY!



NO? I'M TAKING OUT NUMBER '1100' / GET ME A CREW OF BRAKEMEN AND DIESEL MECHANICS! IF THE LIMITED IS STUCK, I CAN GUESS RIGHT NOW WHAT HAPPENED!



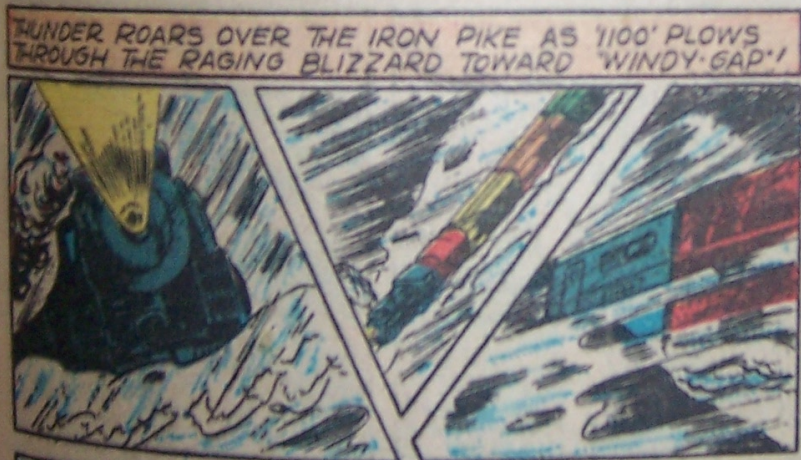
TEN MINUTES LATER....'1100' ROARS OFF WITH BOILERS QUIVERING AT TOP PRESSURE.



MORE COAL—WE'RE LOSING PRESSURE! YOU'RE HANDLING THOSE SHOVELS LIKE A BUNCH OF OLD WOMEN!



I HEARD THIS GUY WAS A MANIAC WHEN IT CAME TO PUSHING ONE OF THESE CRATES AROUND—NOW I KNOW IT!



THUNDER ROARS OVER THE IRON PIKE AS '1100' PLOWS THROUGH THE RAGING BLIZZARD TOWARD 'WINDY GAP'!



MEANWHILE—FROM THE OTHER END OF THE TRACK ROARS THE 'SUPER LIMITED'...



SUDDENLY....



SHUT HER OFF, HARDER! THE PISTONS AND VALVES ARE BURN'T TO NOTHING!



I KNEW IT! NO MOTOR COULD STAND THE WORK-OUT THIS BABY HAD! WELL—WE'RE STUCK AND THAT'S THAT!

WITH ALL THIS SNOW, WE'LL BE HERE FOR A WEEK!



AS THE SNOW ENGULFS THE DISABLED LIMITED, '1100' THUNDERS AROUND 'WINDY-GAP' UNDER THE CONTROL OF RUNAWAY RONSON.



THEN, AS TOM NORTON'S CRAZY BROTHER HAD SAID... IT HAPPENS... '1100' RUNS OVER THE DYNAMITE CAP... AND BUT A FEW HUNDRED FEET AHEAD, THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN BURSTS OUTWARD IN A DEAFENING EXPLOSION!



WOW! I'M GLAD WE WERE COMING THIS WAY INSTEAD OF THE OTHER!

LOOKS LIKE YOU SAVED NORTON'S LIFE — AND A LOT OF OTHER'S, TOO!



WE HAVEN'T SAVED NORTON'S LIFE — YET! IT'S ONE-THIRTY NOW... THE LIMITED SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE UNDER THE WORST OF CONDITIONS! SHE'S STUCK ALL RIGHT, AND WE'VE GOT TO GET TO HER!



HAND ME THAT ROPE... WE'LL HAVE TO BUILD SOME KIND OF A BRIDGE ACROSS HERE!



START RIPPING ONE OF THOSE BOX CARS APART... I'LL WORK THIS ROPE BACK AND FORTH SO YOU CAN LAY THE BOARDS ON IT!



KEEP A GOOD GRIP ON THAT ROPE IN CASE I SLIP!



HE'S ACROSS THE GAP! WHAT A MAN!



BY WEAVING THE ROPE BACK AND FORTH, RUNAWAY SPANS THE GAP IN THE MOUNTAIN ENABLING THE OTHERS TO LAY THE BOARDS OF THE BOX-CARS ACROSS AND MAKE THE BRIDGE.



HERE — THESE KNAP-SACKS ARE FULL OF CYLINDERS AND VALVES... HANDLE THEM WITH KID GLOVES!

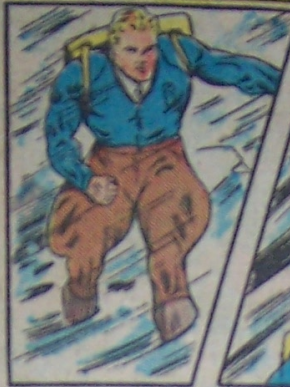




ONE BY ONE, THE MEN  
CRAWL ACROSS THE SHAKY  
BRIDGE.



FIGHTING THE ELEMENTS FOR HOURS, THE PARTY OF  
MEN REACH THE DISABLED LIMITED, WEAK AND  
HALF FROZEN!



RUNAWAY!  
WHAT'S THIS  
ALL ABOUT?

IT'S A LONG  
STORY! VALVES  
AND PISTONS  
SHOT... EH,  
HARPER?



YEAH! WELL I'LL BE...!  
IS THERE ANYTHING YOU  
DON'T KNOW  
ABOUT  
RAILROADS?

A FEW  
THINGS!

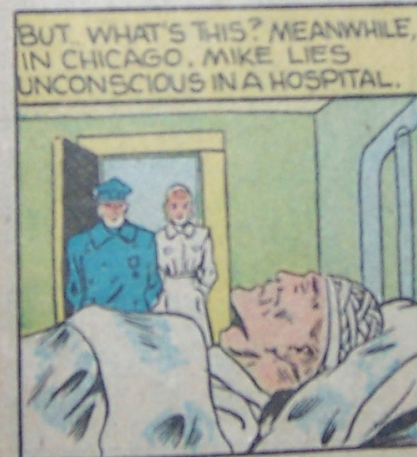


YOU GUYS SET THESE  
VALVES AND PISTONS IN  
THE MOTORS AS SOON AS  
POSSIBLE! WE HAVE NO  
TIME TO LOSE! I'M GOING  
BACK AND SEE HOW  
NORTON IS!



IF WE GET  
SOME HEAT  
AGAIN, I  
THINK MR.  
NORTON WILL  
PULL THROUGH!  
IF WE DON'T,  
HE WON'T  
LAST AN  
HOUR!

DON'T WORRY...  
THE MOTORS  
WILL BE FIXED  
IN HALF AN  
HOUR! BOY...  
AM I GLAD  
HE'S ALL  
RIGHT!

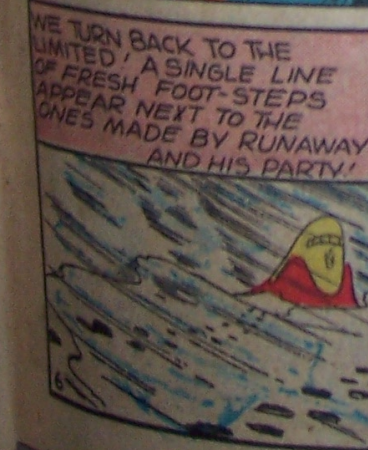


BUT WHAT'S THIS? MEANWHILE,  
IN CHICAGO, MIKE LIES  
UNCONSCIOUS IN A HOSPITAL.



WE FOUND HIM UNDER A  
DESK... AS IF SOMEONE HAD  
THROWN IT AT  
HIM!

WHOEVER!  
DID IT MUST HAVE  
BEEN AS STRONG  
AS A GORILLA!



WE TURN BACK TO THE  
LIMITED! A SINGLE LINE  
OF FRESH FOOT-STEPS  
APPEAR NEXT TO THE  
ONES MADE BY RUNAWAY  
AND HIS PARTY!



HELP! THERE'S  
SOMEONE  
TRYING TO SMASH  
THE WINDOW!

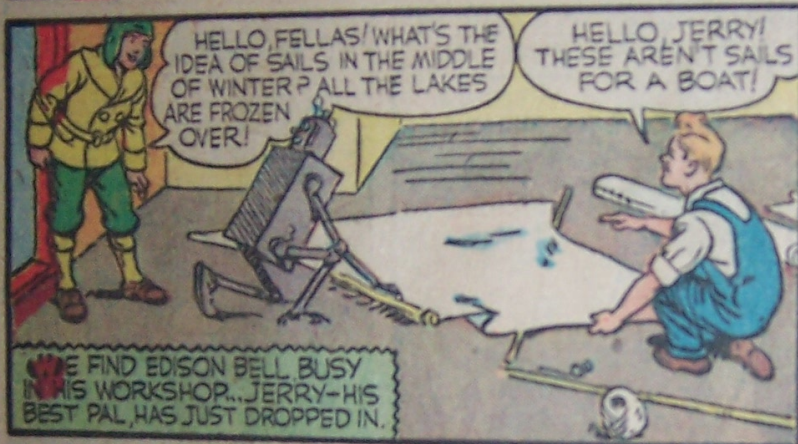


WHAT'S GOING  
ON?  
YOU'LL FIND  
OUT IN THE  
NEXT EPISODE OF  
RUNAWAY RONSON  
NEXT MONTH  
IN  
BLUE BOLT COMICS



# Edison Bell

OLD KING WINTER REIGNS... AND SNOWS! EDDIE AND HIS FRIENDS BUSY THEMSELVES WITH ANOTHER INTERESTING WINTER SPORT PROJECT... AND HAVE LOTS OF FUN DOING IT!



TO  
SIMPLE  
SAIL  
LENGTH  
THE H  
EXTEN  
A FEW  
UNBL  
SEV



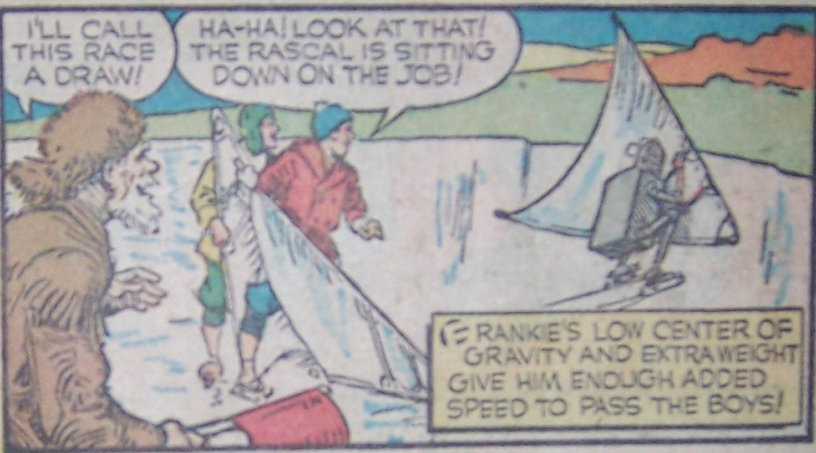
FRANKIE ROBINSON HAS OUTLINED A TRIANGULAR COURSE AND THEY ARE ABOUT TO ROUND THE SECOND FLAG...



EDDIE AND JERRY MAKE THE TURN-BUT FRANKIE TAKES A SPILL!



FRANKIE TOOK A SPILL! HOPE HE DIDN'T BREAK!



FRANKIE'S LOW CENTER OF GRAVITY AND EXTRA WEIGHT GIVE HIM ENOUGH ADDED SPEED TO PASS THE BOYS!

# THERE'S GREAT FUN IN SKATE SAILING!

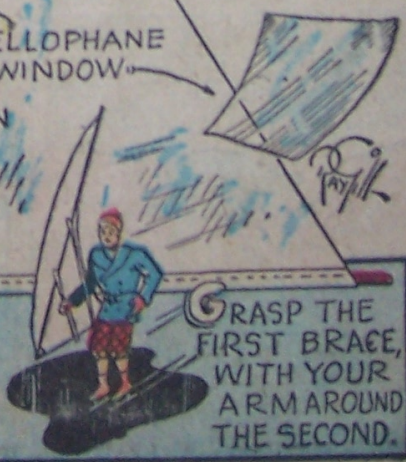
**T**O MAKE THIS SIMPLE SKATE-SAIL, TAKE TWO LENGTHS OF WOOD-- THE HEIGHT OF YOUR EXTENDED ARM, AND A FEW YARDS OF UNBLEACHED MUSLIN --

HERE'S HOW TO MAKE YOUR OWN!



**S**KATE SAILING IS ONE OF THE LEAST DEVELOPED SPORTS--LET'S ALL GET BEHIND IT AND SEE THAT IT ISN'T ENTIRELY FORGOTTEN!!! THE SIMPLE DESIGN HERE IS MERELY TO ACQUAINT YOU WITH THE SPORT--PUT SOME OF YOUR OWN IDEAS INTO YOUR SAIL!

**S**EW A HEM ON TWO SIDES OF THE TRIANGULAR SHEET, (SEE SKETCH ABOVE) AND INSERT THE POLES. TWO BRACES, FASTENED TO THE POLES WITH SCREW EYES, KEEP SAIL OPEN.





# SERGEANT SPOOK



BY...  
**MALCOLM KILDALE**

SERGEANT SPOOK...  
THE GHOST OF A  
DEAD COR...IS AT THE  
MOMENT LIVING  
**in  
GHOST TOWN**  
WITH HIS NEW  
FOUND FRIEND....  
DR. SHERLOCK.



THINGS ARE  
VERY QUIET IN  
GHOST TOWN,  
EH... DOCTOR?

YES, IT...  
WHAT'S THAT  
COMMOTION  
DOWN THE  
STREET AT  
THE DOCKS?

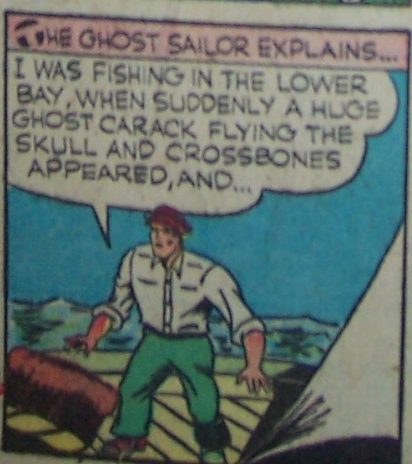


SPOOK AND SHERLOCK ARRIVE  
AT THE DOCK AND FIND A  
CROWD GATHERED AROUND A  
SMALL SAILBOAT.

HMM...THIS LOOKS  
LIKE TROUBLE!



SERGEANT SPOOK ADDRESSES  
THE GHOST IN THE BOAT...  
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, MISTER?  
WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT?



THE GHOST SAILOR EXPLAINS...  
I WAS FISHING IN THE LOWER  
BAY, WHEN SUDDENLY A HUGE  
GHOST CARACK FLYING THE  
SKULL AND CROSSBONES  
APPEARED, AND...



...IT ATTACKED  
A MORTAL  
SHIP!



WELL...WE HAVE TO STOP THAT SORT OF THING!



WE HAVE A GHOST BATTLESHIP LYING AT GHOST TOWN WHARF!

SWELL! ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS ORGANIZE A CREW!



WORD THAT SERGEANT SPOOK IS CALLING FOR HELP IN CATCHING THE PIRATES SPREADS THROUGH GHOST TOWN LIKE WILDFIRE!

LET'S GO DOWN AND JOIN THIS SERGEANT SPOOK!



IMMEDIATELY THERE IS A GREAT RESPONSE/VOLUNTEERS GATHER AT THE WHARF... WHERE THE BATTLESHIP IS DOCKED.



A MAN STEPS UP BEFORE SPOOK AND SPEAKS...

I'M JOHN PAUL JONES... AND I OFFER MY SERVICES!

FINE!



SOON THERE IS AN IMPRESSIVE LINE OF GHOSTS...WHO, AS MORTALS HAVE BEEN SEA HEROES.

I'M ADMIRAL DEWEY...I PLEDGE MYSELF TO AID IN THE CAPTURE OF THIS PIRATE SHIP!



I'M DRAKE... I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT BATTLESHIPS... BUT I CAN FIGHT!



BOY...WITH THIS CREW WE CAN'T MISS DEFEATING THE PIRATES!



...AND SO-UNDER THE COVER OF NIGHT...THE GREAT GHOST BATTLESHIP STEAMS OUT OF THE HARBOR.



WITH THE CREW COMPLETED, THE BATTLESHIP IS PUT IN ORDER.



EVERY THING IS SET...LET'S SHOVE OFF!





**DAWN FINDS THE PIRATE GHOST CARACK ANCHORED OFF THE COAST!**



**ACTIVITY STARTS ON THE PIRATE SHIP...AND A MAN APPEARS ON THE POOP DECK...IT'S CAPTAIN KIDD...FUGITIVE FROM GHOST TOWN!**



**CAPTAIN KIDD SENDS HIS ROAR ALONG THE DECK...**

HURRY-ME HEARTIES, THERE'S MUCH TO BE DONE TODAY!



**MOON OVER A GLASSY SEA THE MIGHTY CARACK LEANED TO THE SPREAD OF CANVAS, AND HEADED SOUTH...**



SHIP AHoy! A MERCHANT-MAN!

**SUDDENLY... A CRY FROM THE LOOK-OUT!**



**THE GHOST PIRATES PREPARE FOR THE ATTACK ON THE MORTAL SHIP-AND THE MIGHTY CARACK IS SENT BOOMING ALONG WITH EVERY SAIL SET!**



**BOARD THE MERCHANT SHIP...**

YUH KNOW, MAC...WHEN I SIGNED UP FOR MY FIRST VOYAGE-I THOUGHT THERE WOULD BE A-VENTURE GOIN' TO SEA...BUT I FOUND OUT THERE ISN'T MUCH!



YEAH...ME TOO! BOY...GIVE ME THE GOOD OLD DAYS WHEN YOU WERE ALWAYS ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR PIRATES! THAT'S WHAT I CALL ADVENTURE!



**AT THAT MOMENT, THE GHOST CARACK HAS PULLED UP ALONG SIDE THE MERCHANTMAN AND CAPTAIN KIDD AND HIS GHOST CREW BOARD HER...**



**THE SAIL SMACKED THE INV...**



**THE HELP THIS UNSEEN...**



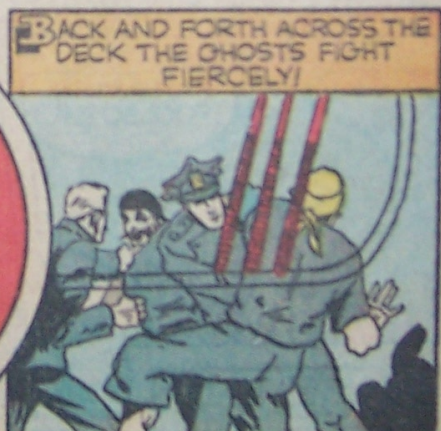
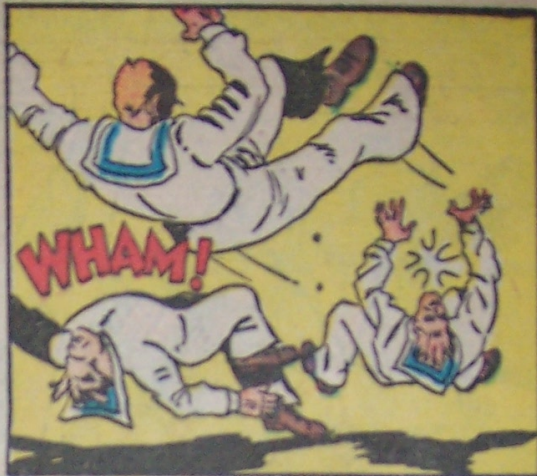
**WITH A DEAD LAYS A P...**



**SOK!**









ON AND ON THE GHOST BATTLE RAGES ON THE FREIGHTER'S DECK!



CAPTAIN KIDD REALIZES HIS MEN ARE LOSING, AND....



TO OUR BOAT, MEN!

WITH A RUSH THE PIRATES REACH THEIR BOAT AND CAST HER LOOSE FROM THE FREIGHTER!



COME ON, MEN! TO OUR BATTLESHIP! IT'S A CINCINCH TO CATCH THAT OLD TUB... THE WIND'S DIED DOWN!



LOOK AT 'EM GO, SERGEANT!



TO THE AMAZEMENT OF SERGEANT SPOOK AND HIS CREW... THE GHOST CARACK RACES THROUGH THE WATER LIKE A SPEEDBOAT!

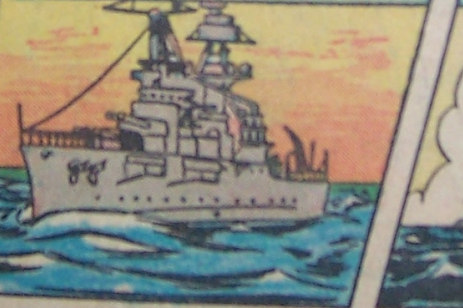


FOR THE CRAFTY CAPTAIN KIDD HAD INSTALLED A MOTOR IN HIS SHIP!



HAI HAI! THAT FOOLED 'EM!

...BUT SERGEANT SPOOK REFUSES TO GIVE UP-AND HE SENDS THE BATTLESHIP FULL STEAM AHEAD...HOPING TO CATCH THE PIRATES!



ON ACROSS THE WATER THE TWO SHIPS RACE...THE PIRATE SHIP GRADUALLY PULLING AWAY BECAUSE OF ITS HIGH-SPEED MOTOR!



HA! I KNEW THAT MOTOR WOULD COME IN HANDY SOME DAY! BUT-WHAT'S THIS...?



SUDDENLY THE GHOST CARACK STARTS SAILING IN A CIRCLE...



CAP...SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG WITH THE MOTOR!

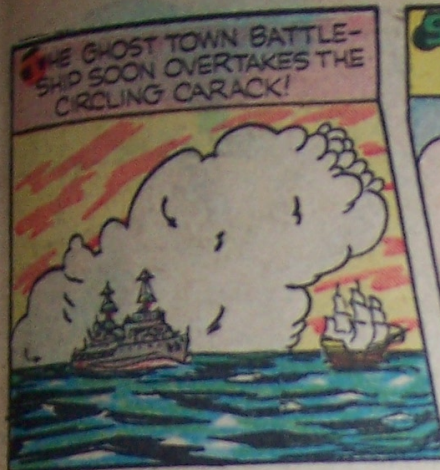


WELL...FIX IT....DO SOMETHING!

BUT WE DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT-WE ONLY KNOW HOW TO START IT!

**with**  
THE PIRATES SUBDUED AND PRISONERS, THE JOLLY ROGER IS HAULED DOWN BY SERGEANT SPOOK!





with  
THE  
PIRATES  
SUBDUED  
AND  
PRISONERS,  
THE  
JOLLY  
ROGER  
IS  
HAULED  
DOWN  
BY  
SERGEANT  
SPOOK!



BECAUSE OF HIS COURAGE  
AND VALOR...SERGEANT  
SPOOK IS HONORED BY THE  
PRESIDENT OF GHOST TOWN,  
GEORGE WASHINGTON!



A NEW  
ADVENTURE OF  
**SERGEANT  
SPOOK**  
WILL APPEAR  
NEXT MONTH IN  
**BLUE BOLT**



# OLD CAP HAWKIN'S TALES

OLD CAP HAWKINS, THE RETIRED SEA CAPTAIN... ENTERTAINS HIS LITTLE PAL JOEY, WITH TALES OF GREAT AMERICAN TRADITIONS, AND OF THE MEN WHO MADE THEM.

SON... IT HASN'T ALWAYS BEEN CLEAR SAILING FOR OUR COUNTRY! TODAY WE FACE A DANGER AS TERRIBLE AS THAT WHICH CAUSED ONE OF THE GREATEST OF ALL AMERICANS TO SAY....

"GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH"

PATRICK HENRY-1736-1799, WAS COMPELLED TO LEAVE SCHOOL AS A BOY TO ASSIST HIS IMPOVERISHED PARENTS, BUT HIS EDUCATION WAS CONTINUED BY HIS FATHER.

BRILLIANT AS A STUDENT... HE LATER CARRIED ON HIS STUDIES ALONE.

AFTER A MERE SIX MONTHS OF PREPARATION-HE WAS ADMITTED TO THE BAR!

DURING LONG YEARS, ENGLAND'S DEFENSE OF THE COLONIES HAD PROVED A TERRIFIC FINANCIAL LOAD TO THE HOME GOVERNMENT.

PAT  
SHO  
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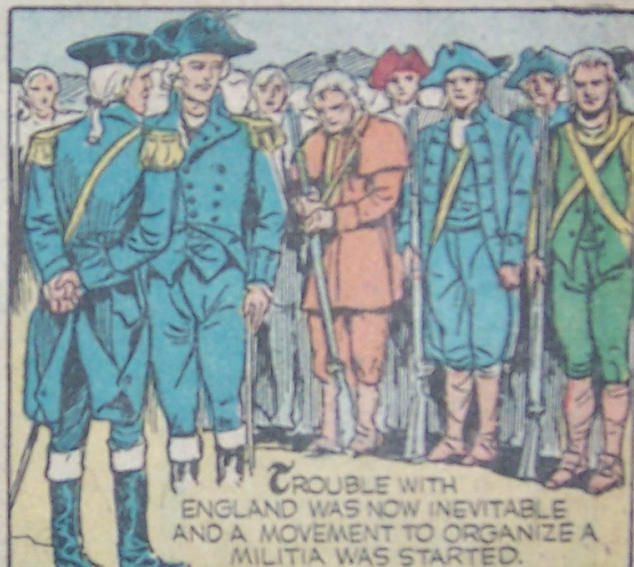


TO COVER THIS, KING GEORGE INSTITUTED HEAVY TAXES WHICH SOON AROUSED THE COLONISTS TO THE POINT OF REBELLION.

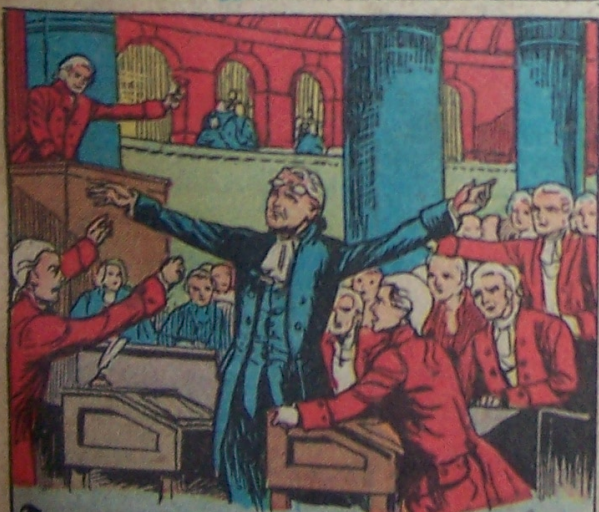


BRITISH AUTHORITIES WERE ASSAILED... AND THE HATED TAX STAMPS WERE BURNED!

PATRICK HENRY SHOWED HIS COURAGE AND CLEVERNESS IN HANDLING THE CASE FOR THE PEOPLE IN THE PARSON'S TOBACCO CASE. IN RECOGNITION OF HIS ABILITY- HE WAS ELECTED TO THE HOUSE OF BURGESSES!



TROUBLE WITH ENGLAND WAS NOW INEVITABLE AND A MOVEMENT TO ORGANIZE A MILITIA WAS STARTED.



THE TORIES IN THE HOUSE OF BURGESSES WERE OPPOSED TO THIS MOVEMENT, AND IT WAS IN DEFENSE OF THE MEASURE THAT PATRICK HENRY MADE HIS IMMORTAL SPEECH... MORE TRUE TODAY THAN THEN!



There IS NO RETREAT... BUT SUBMISSION AND SLAVERY. OUR CHAINS ARE ALREADY FORGED. THE NEXT GALE WILL BURY THE CLASH OF RESOUNDING ARMS! OUR BRETHREN ARE ALREADY IN THE FIELD... WHY STAND WE IDLE? IS LIFE SO DEAR OR PEACE SO SWEET AS TO BE PURCHASED AT THE PRICE OF SLAVERY? FORBID IT, ALMIGHTY GOD!... I KNOW NOT WHAT COURSE OTHERS MAY TAKE... BUT AS FOR ME... GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH!



# The PHANTOM SUB

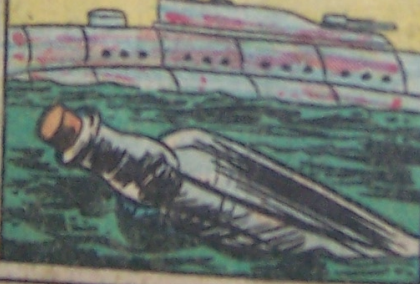
by FOS



BRANDED OUTLAWS BY THE WORLD, THE PHANTOM CREW ROAMS THE SEAS IN SEARCH OF ADVENTURE. THEY HAVE DEDICATED THE USE OF THEIR MARVELOUS SUBMERSIBLE, THE PHANTOM SUB, TO THE GOOD OF ALL MANKIND. - RAPIDLY THEY HAVE BECOME A NEMESIS TO ANYONE WHO WOULD TRESPASS THE GOLDEN RULE ON THE HIGH SEAS!

LOOK, JACK! A BOTTLE WITH A NOTE IN IT! LET'S PICK IT UP!

OKAY SWING THE SUB OVER TO IT!



SAY, THIS IS FUNNY. LISTEN! -- TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN, THE AMERICAN PARTY OF PROF. STARKSON IS HELD PRISONER ON THE ISLE OF ZORN BY CAPTAIN CRULE OF THE BATTLESHIP URANIA. -- HELP!



I KNOW THAT ISLAND, JACK. IT'S JUST NORTH OF HERE, AND YOU KNOW WHO CAPTAIN CRULE IS!

AND HOW! IT'S BECAUSE OF HIM THAT WE'RE OUTLAWS! HEAD THE SUB FOR ZORN ISLAND!



THE PHANTOM SUB SPEEDS NORTH, WHEN --

A CANOE WITH THREE PEOPLE IN IT!



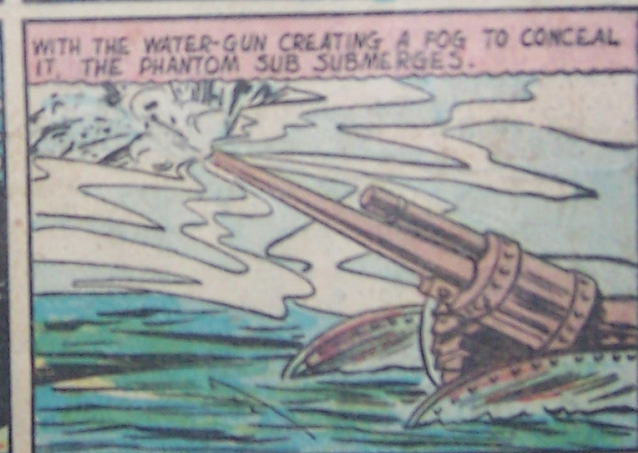
THANK YOU'RE AREN MY N ALIC

WELL, INVENT AIRCRAFT DOWN WORK SOME ABOUT TO SE HIS O

ANY! HEADI WAY

THE RUS







THE PHANTOM SUB IS SOON AT ZORN ISLAND.

THIS COVE IS IDEAL BECAUSE THESE OVER-HANGING BANKS WILL CONCEAL THE SUB.

FINE, ALICIA! NOW LET'S GO ASHORE TO RECONNOITER!

IT'S JUST A SHORT CLIMB UP THIS HILL, AND THEN WE CAN LOOK RIGHT DOWN ON OUR CAMP!

BOY, I CAN HARDLY WAIT FOR A CRACK AT CRULE!

THOSE HUTS ARE WHERE MY FATHER AND THE OTHERS ARE HELD CAPTIVE. OUTSIDE THE LARGEST HUT IS THE MODEL OF THE GUN. DO YOU THINK THERE'S A CHANCE TO RESCUE THEM?

YES, BUT TO DO IT WE'VE GOT TO GET THE SUB INTO THE HARBOR -- AND THEY'VE GOT THE BATTLESHIP ANCHORED FORE AND AFT SO THAT IT BLOCKS THE WHOLE ENTRANCE!

SO, IN OTHER WORDS WE'VE GOT TO MOVE THAT HEAVY SHIP SOMEHOW?

RIGHT, SLIM, AND I KNOW JUST HOW WE'RE GOING TO DO IT! -- HURRY, BACK TO THE SUB!

BACK IN THE SUB -

NOW WE'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST, BOYS, FOR IT WILL BE EBB TIDE IN TEN MINUTES. BUT IF THIS WORKS RIGHT WE'LL HAVE MOTHER NATURE DOING OUR WORK FOR US!

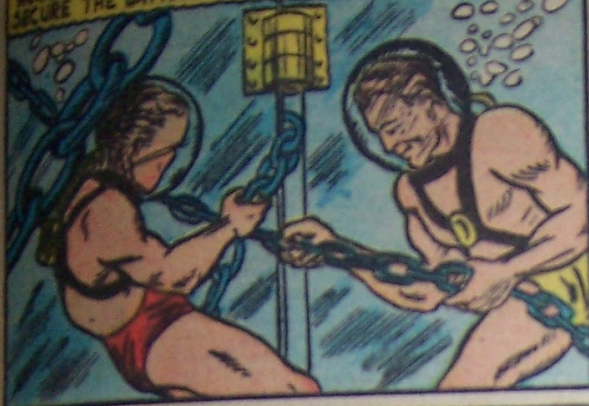
AS SILENT AS A GHOST, THE PHANTOM SUB SNEAKS INTO THE HARBOR --

AS THE SUB RESTS ON THE BOTTOM, OUT COMES THE PHANTOM CREW IN FREE DIVING SUITS. THESE SUITS, IN THE SAME MANNER AS THE SUB, MANUFACTURE BREATHING AIR BY DECOMPOSING THE ELEMENTS OF THE SEA-WATER.

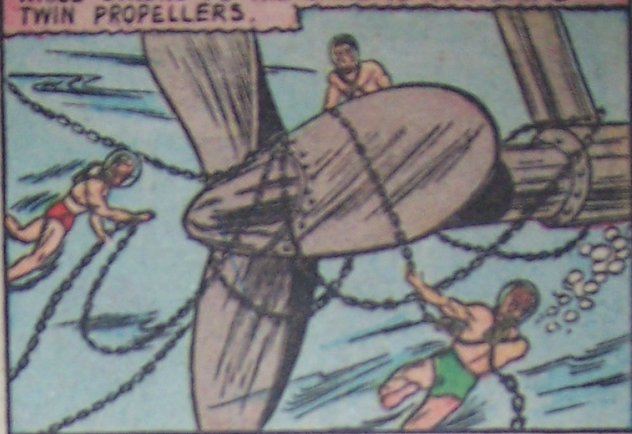
OKAY, DIVE FOR THE BOTTOM!



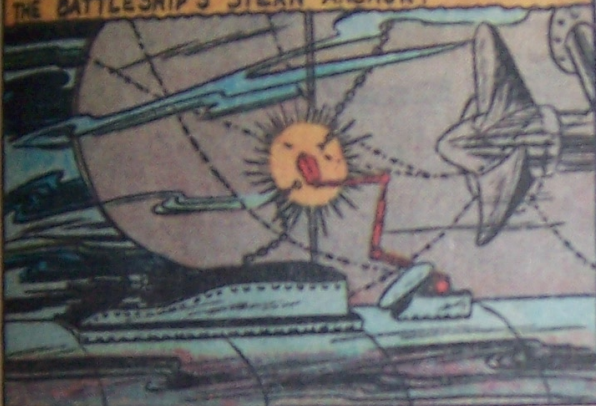
WORKING FEVERISHLY, SEVERAL OF THE PHANTOM CREW SECURE THE BATTLESHIP'S RUDDER WITH HEAVY CHAINS.



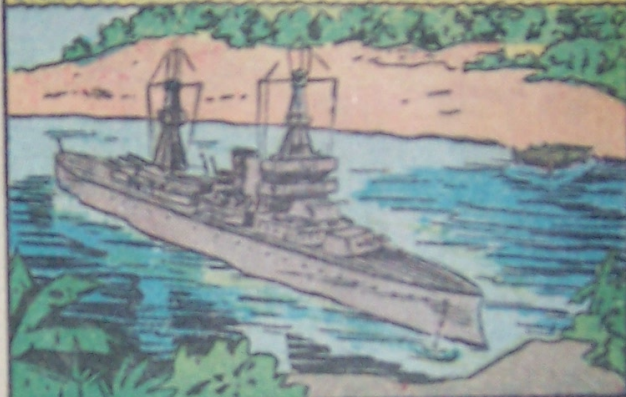
WHILE OTHERS DO THE SAME TO THE SHIP'S TWIN PROPELLERS.



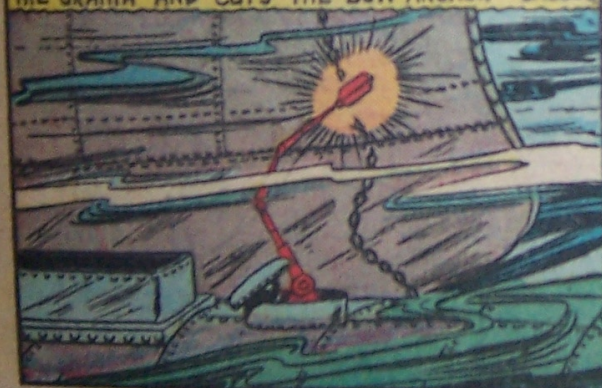
THEN THE SALVAGE CLAW SEVERS THE CABLE OF THE BATTLESHIP'S STERN ANCHOR.



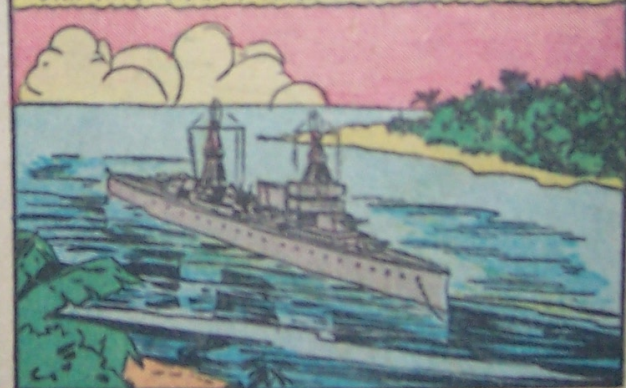
UNNOTICED BY ITS SLEEPING CREW, THE URANIA'S STERN IS SWUNG OUT BY THE EBBING TIDE.



THE PHANTOM SUB NOW SHOOTS TO THE BOW OF THE URANIA AND CUTS THE BOW ANCHOR CABLES.



THE SWIFTLY EBBING TIDE CARRIES THE DRIFTING URANIA ALONG WITH IT!



WHILE ON SHORE, THE GUARD, WHO HAS BEEN SLEEPING AT HIS POST, STIRS —



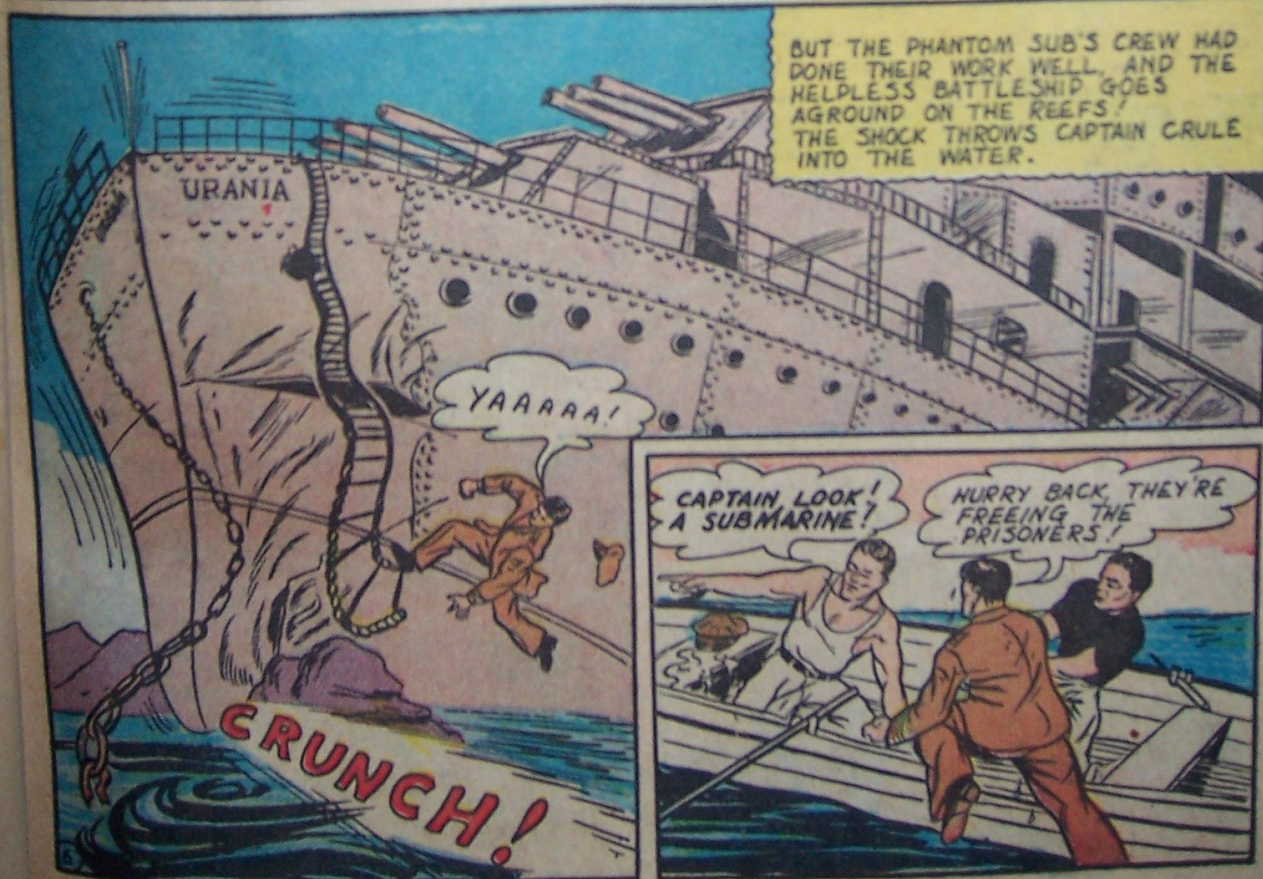
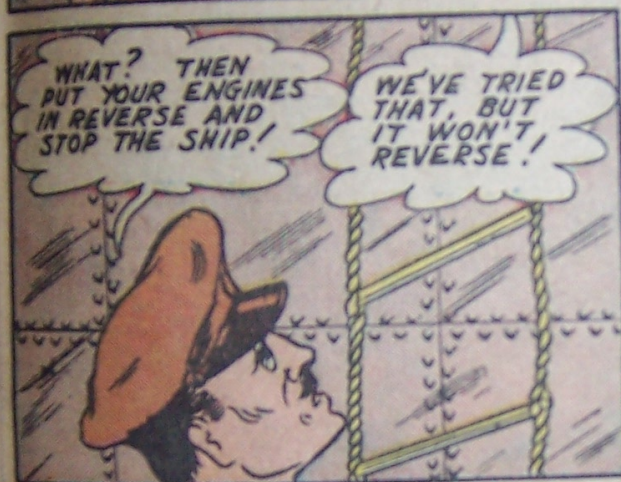
HE GIVES THE ALARM!



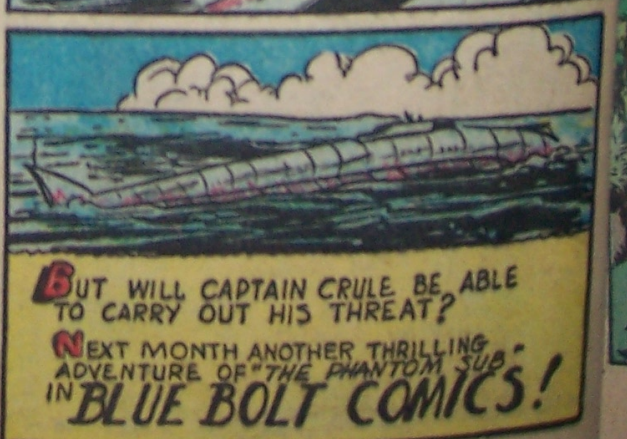
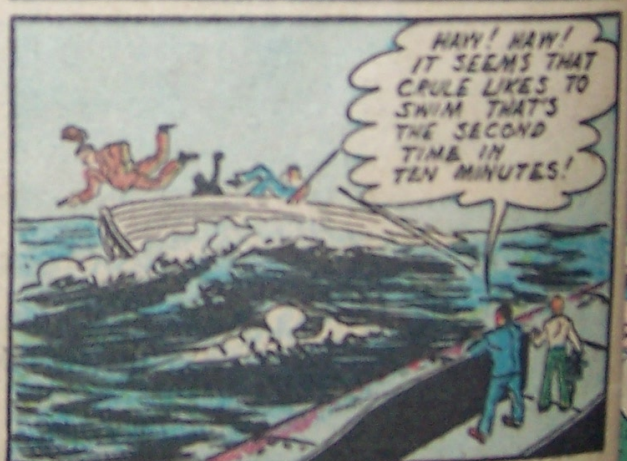
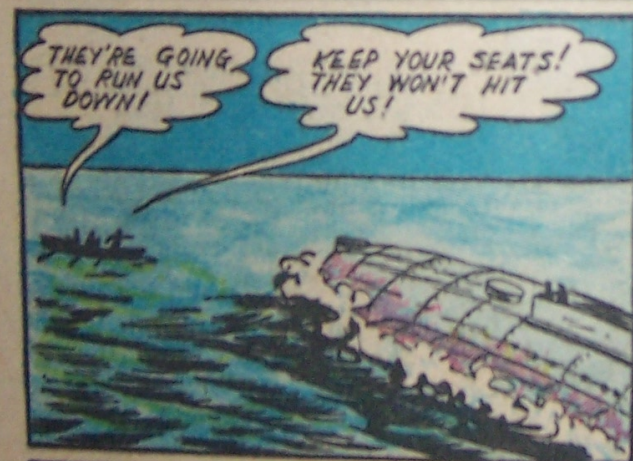
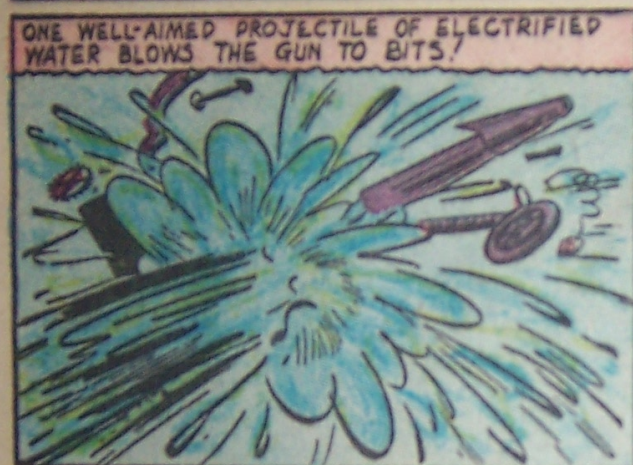














# THE WHITE RIDER AND SUPER HORSE

...IF YUH HANKER TUH AID JUSTICE, MISTER...YUH MIGHT TRY FINDIN' THE TRAIL O' TH' COYOTES WHAT KILLED OUR U.S. MARSHALL...WE CAN'T!

ALL RIGHT, SHERIFF! COME ON, CLOUD!

BREARED IN A HIDDEN VALLEY...WHERE THE GREAT AIR PRESSURE MADE THEM CREATURES OF GI-GANTIC STRENGTH...THE WHITE RIDER AND CLOUD THE SUPER HORSE, HAVE DEDICATED THEMSELVES AND THEIR SUPER ABILITIES TO THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE!

WITH SUPER HORSE'S EXTRA KEEN SENSE OF SMELL, AND THE WHITE RIDER'S EXPERT WOODCRAFT...SIGNS UNNOTICED BY THE POSSE ARE FOUND...THE MARKS OF A BROKEN SHOE!

IT'S THE ONE THING THAT SHOWS THEY PASSED THIS WAY, CLOUD! THEY SURE COVERED THEIR TRAIL WELL...BUT NOT WELL ENOUGH FOR US-EH, BOY?

WARE THAT HE IS UP AGAINST DESPER-ADOES OF GREAT CUNNING, THE WHITE RIDER SETS OUT ON THE DANGEROUS MISSION.

LET'S GO, CLOUD...THEY CAN'T BE FAR AHEAD!

THE TRAIL ENDS ON THE BARE ROCK OF A TREACHEROUS MOUNTAIN PASS...BUT SUPER HORSE'S KEEN SENSE OF SMELL LEADS THEM ON...

NOW, BOY...IT'S UP TO YOU!



AND FINALLY IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT...THEY COME TO A RIDGE OVERLOOKING AN ABANDONED COPPER MINE...

THEY'RE PROBABLY HIDING OUT IN THE OLD MINE, CLOUD!



STAY HERE BOY... I'M GOING ON ALONE!



...WARNING THE THREE DESPERADOS INSIDE THE BUILDING!

GET TO THE FRONT DOOR- WE'LL FIX HIM!

THE ALARM! SOMEONE'S OUTSIDE!



LET 'IM COME!

AS THE WHITE RIDER APPROACHES THE MAIN BUILDING...HE TRIPS OVER A STRING, AND UNKNOWINGLY SETS OFF A CONCEALED ALARM....



...AND WALKS INTO THE TRAP!



BUT THE RIDER CONTINUES... UNWARE OF HIS DANGER...



TAKEN BY SURPRISE THE WHITE RIDER IS KNOCKED OUT!



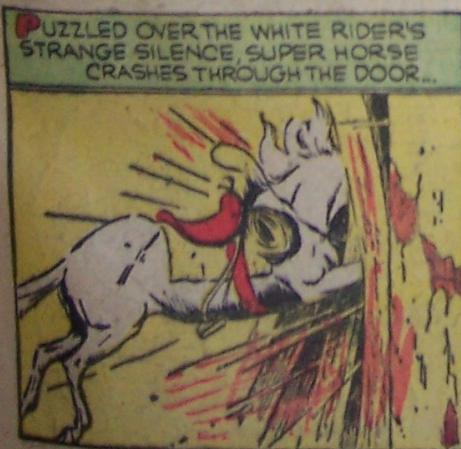
GIT HIM! AN' TAKE AN' BARR... WE...

HOLD ON... I HEAR MORE 'EM OUTSIDE

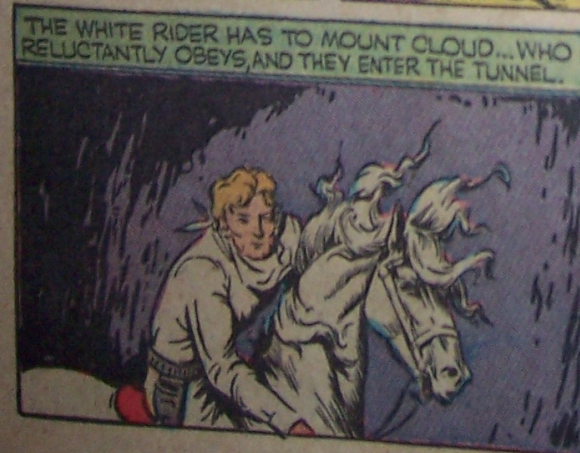
WHY CAN'T WE JUST PLUG HIM AND LET IT GO AT THAT?

PUZZLED & STRANGE & CRAS







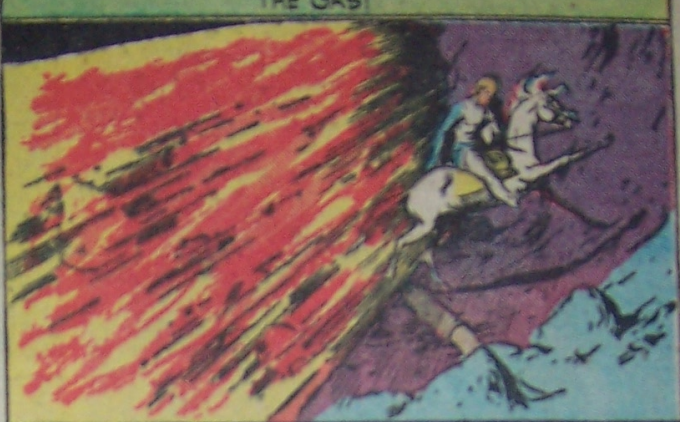




AS THEY WHEEL OUT OF THE TUNNEL CLOUDS  
SHOE STRIKES A SPARK FROM A STONE--



--AND A MOMENT LATER, A SHEET OF SEARING FLAME  
SHOOTS OUT IN AN EXPLOSION, AS THE SPARK IGNITES  
THE GAS!



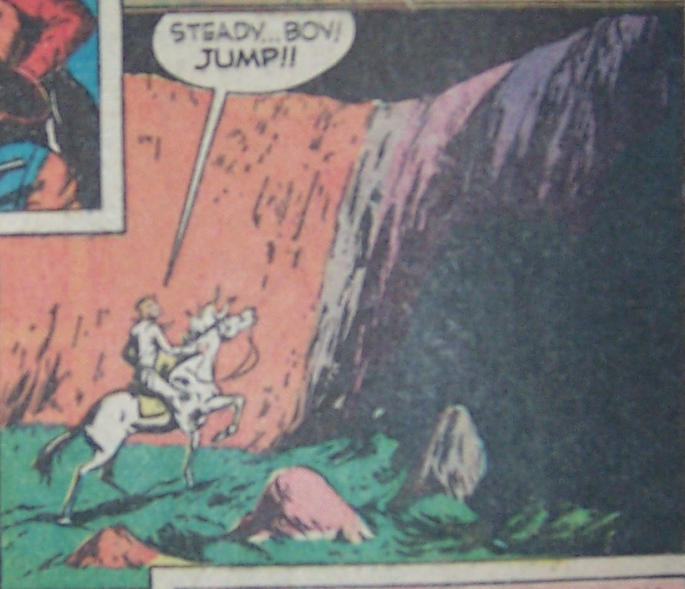
THE GAS EXPLODED!  
THE TUNNEL'S  
BLOWN TUX BITS

WE'LL BE  
BURNED  
ALIVE!



UNOBSERVED THE WHITE RIDER AND CLOUD  
MAKE A DESPERATE EFFORT TO SCALE  
THE WALL OF THE PIT!

STEADY... BOY!  
JUMP!!

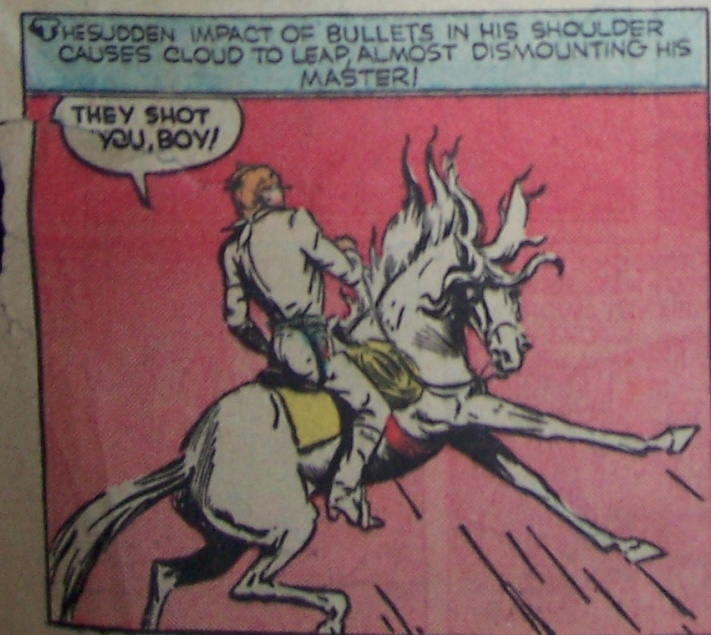


HEY... LOOK! THERE THEY GO... TH' MAN  
AND HOSS! TRYIN' TUX SCALE TH'  
WALL AN' LEAVE US HERE... TH'  
DIRTY--!



THE SUDDEN IMPACT OF BULLETS IN HIS SHOULDER  
CAUSES CLOUD TO LEAP, ALMOST DISMOUNTING HIS  
MASTER!

THEY SHOT  
YOU, BOY!



REALIZING FURTHER DANGER IN DELAY...  
THE GREAT HORSE TURNS ABOUT AND  
TRIES TO CLIMB!

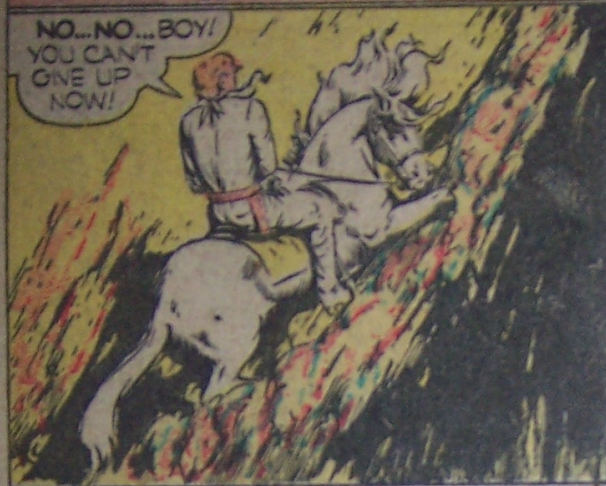
JUST A LITTLE  
FURTHER, BOY!  
EASY DOES IT!





**B**UT THE PAIN IN HIS SHOULDER CAUSES HIM TO SLIP AND SLIDE BACK!

NO...NO...BOY!  
YOU CAN'T  
CINE UP  
NOW!



**T**HE GALLANT HORSE RESPONDS WITH ONE LAST DESPERATE LEAP!

UP, BOY...  
AND OVER!



YOUR WOUNDS ARE SLIGHT,  
CLOUD...IN A FEW DAYS YOU'LL  
BE AS GOOD AS NEW!



IF IT WASN'T FER THAT  
HOSS--WE'D BE FREE  
MEN YET...WORSE  
LUCK!

YOU'VE GOT TO JUMP, BOY!  
IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE! WE'LL  
HEAD FOR THE FLAMES AND TRY  
THE TUNNEL ROOF! IT'S A SHORTER  
JUMP, AND WE'VE GOT TO RISK IT!



YOU MADE IT,  
CLOUD...  
GOOD BOY!



**L**EAVING CLOUD TO REST...THE WHITE RIDER  
GOES TO THE EDGE OF THE PIT.

YOU FELLOWS LEAVE YOUR GUNS BEHIND  
AND AGREE TO BE MY PRISONERS, AND I'LL  
HELP YOU OUT...OTHERWISE  
YOU STAY-AND BURN! WHAT  
DO YOU SAY?

WE'LL AGREE  
TO ANYTHING!  
GET US OUT. WE'RE  
ROASTING!



**SUPER  
HORSE**  
in **BLUE BOLT**

APPEARS AGAIN  
NEXT MONTH



NAUJETA  
NAUJETA  
NAUJETA

January

# BLUE BOLT

10¢

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Featuring:

**SUB-ZERO  
MAN**

BLUE BOLT  
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Impassably SUB-ZERO blasted on by blast  
down toward the molten metal in the sun.

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